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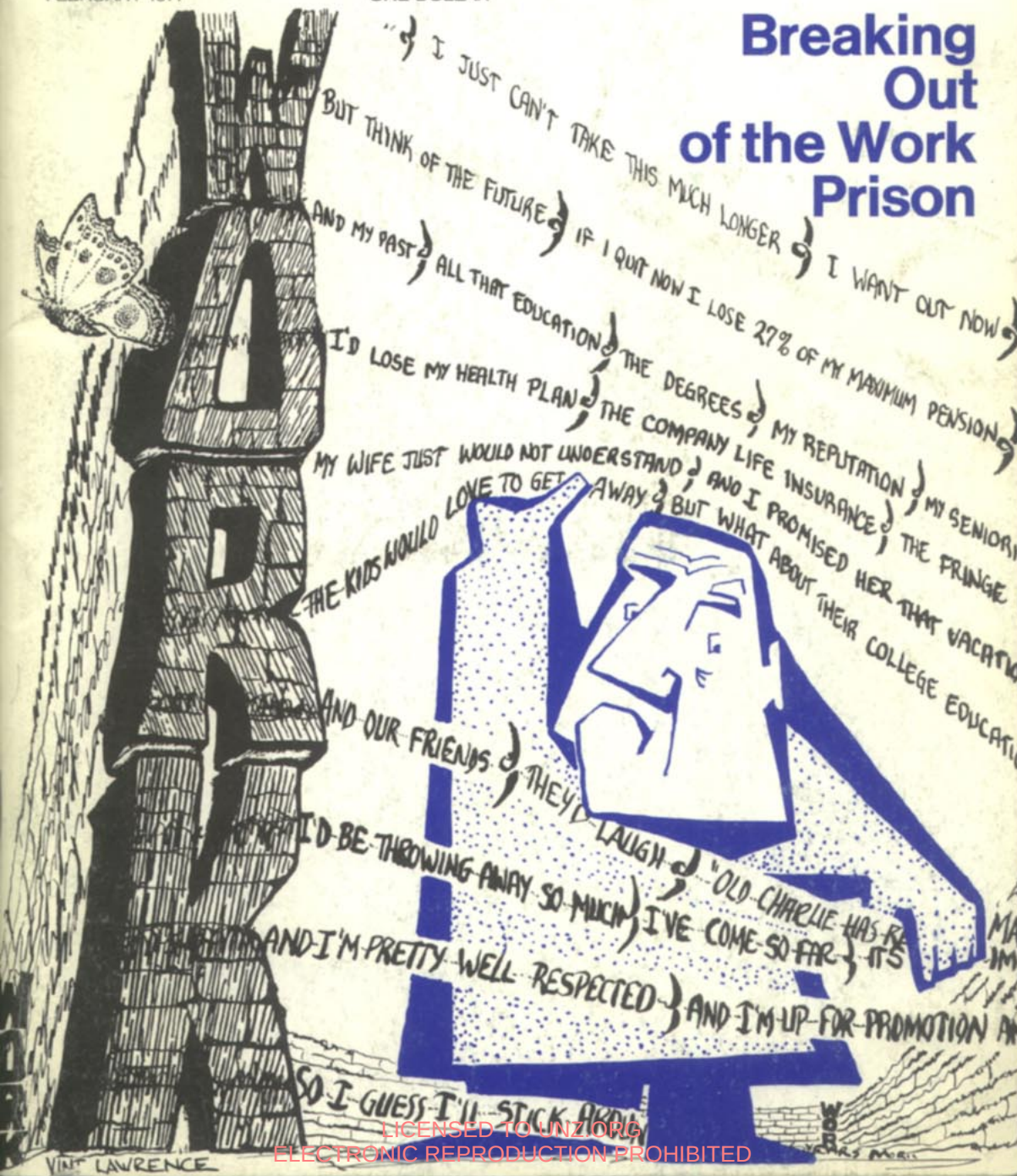

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FEBRUARY 1971

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Letters

Pure Thoughts and Dirty Water

Dirk van Loon's interest in the environmental pollution caused by the Bowaters Mersey Paper Company, Ltd., of Liverpool, Nova Scotia ["Pure Thoughts and Dirty Water," December, 1970], starting with his first letter to us in June, has been useful, serving to focus our attention more pointedly and causing the Mersey Board of Directors to review past accomplishments and future plans at their September meeting.

The Mersey mill was built in 1929 during an era when little consideration was given to environmental damage. Rather, the emphasis was on economic development. The Mersey Paper Company was responsible for revitalizing the economy of Queens County and western Nova Scotia. It came at a time when Liverpool's wooden ship-building industry was dying and many of Nova Scotia's other small communities were on the road to becoming ghost towns.

In 1956, the Mersey Company was acquired by Bowaters, Inc., a large, international paper products company with headquarters in London. In 1963, The Washington Post Company acquired a 49 per cent interest in Mersey. Many large American newspapers, as you may know, participate in the ownership of Canadian newsprint mills to assure supply of their most important raw material.

With the passage of time and the growth of population and industry, all of us have become more conscious of the importance of protecting the environment from pollution. Corporations have taken needed actions on their own but often they have been spurred on by the efforts of private individuals such as Mr. van Loon.

While Mr. van Loon has performed a useful service, there are several points in his open letter that are incorrect or require further amplification.

But first, it must be acknowledged that with present technology pulp and paper mills do pollute, and the Mersey mill is no exception. The problem at Mersey is less acute than at some mills, however, for two reasons: 1) The mill is located on the ocean and not on a lake or stream, and 2) Mersey is a sulfite mill rather than a sulphate mill; accordingly, it avoids the unpleasant "rotten egg" odor associated with sulphate mills.

Let me now turn to some of the specifics mentioned by Mr. van Loon.

Mr. van Loon indicated that 14.5 tons per day of solids were discharged into the bay, and that as a result of a $160,000 program the mill will undertake over the next two years, the figure will be reduced by 4 tons. Mr. van Loon was heartened by this, as am I. The solids consist of wood fibre from the paper-making process.

In the text of his letter as well as in an accompanying picture, Mr. van Loon showed how the wood fibres have collected on the shoreline surrounding the mill. There is no doubt that the shoreline presents an unsightly appearance, reflecting the accumulation of many years of discharge at the higher levels as well as the current discharge. I don't know if there is any feasible way to clean up the shoreline, and if there is whether the cost should be borne by the mill or the community. Those questions perhaps deserve further study.

While encouraged by the company's progress to reduce the discharge of suspended solids, Mr. van Loon was concerned about the discharge of chemical wastes, amounting to about 180 tons per day. He stated that the chemical discharge, consisting principally of the lignin in the wood, "acidifies the water, poisons fish and plantlife, and sends

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noxious sulfur dioxide into the air."

From data in a report from the plant chemist forwarded to me by Mersey's president, it appears that the situation is altogether different from that described by Mr. van Loon. First, Nova Scotia waters are often very acidic, and interestingly enough the pH of 4.8 to 5.2 representing the active acidity of the mill's main outfall, which concerned Mr. van Loon, is exactly the same as the natural source of water used by the mill. The active acidity is reduced prior to paper making, but as a result of the paper-making process the active acidity is increased, and when the water is discharged it has reached the same active acidity level at which it first entered the mill. In short, the active acidity of the effluent from the mill is no greater than the source of mill fresh water.

Mr. van Loon offers no evidence to support his charge that fish and plant life are poisoned. The plant chemist's report states that "No dead fish have been observed in Liverpool Bay to my knowledge. Salmon still go up river as far as the river dams will allow, and pollock, cod and mackerel can be caught from the breakwater a quarter mile below the mill." With respect to plantlife, the chemist states that "plantlife is prevented, in places, by litter; but where the bottom is not littered, life is normal."

With respect to sending noxious sulphur dioxide into the air, the plant chemist states simply that this is not the case and that at a pH of 4.8-5.2, there can be no free sulphur dioxide. Incidentally, that is steam coming out of the smokestacks in the picture on page 22; I mention this lest your readers think it may be something else.

Neutralizing chemical wastes is far more difficult and costly than handling suspended solids. Mersey management is hopeful that a research program initiated by the Canadian government in cooperation with the Canadian pulp and paper manufacturers will provide techniques for dealing with this and other aspects of the pollution problem at less cost and greater efficiency. For the fiscal year 1970-71, $500,000 is being made available by the government to start the program. For the following four years the government has approved in principle an expenditure of one million dollars per annum provided that a similar amount is spent by industry. The Mersey mill will contribute its proportionate share of these funds. Meanwhile, the mill's management is holding chemical discharges to safe limits.

Sulfite mills like Mersey are free of the unpleasant "rotten egg" odor of sulfate mills. Nevertheless, Mr. van Loon states that the odor is sharp and pervasive, strong enough to sting the nostrils, and can be smelled 20 miles away. I have visited the mill on two occasions but on neither visit did I detect a "sharp and pervasive" odor, although some odor is discernable. Mersey's president tells me, however, that occasionally—perhaps three or four times a year for periods of several hours—the odor can be quite unpleasant. Not a desirable situation, but quite different from Mr. van Loon's description.

There are other aspects of the problem, many quite technical, that could be discussed, but I hope the information I have provided will help your readers to put the problem in perspective. The Washington Post will continue to comment in its editorial columns on environmental pollution, and The Washington Post Company, in its capacity as a part-owner of Mersey, will continue to emphasize the importance of dealing affirmatively with the pollution problems that remain to be solved at Mersey.

PAUL R. IGNATIUS
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Ignatius is president of The Washington Post Company.

The editor replies:

We are pleased to publish the full text of Mr. Ignatius' reply to Mr. van Loon. We only regret that the *Post* declined to publish Mr. van Loon's open letter to Mr. Ignatius.

A More Selective Service

There is a lot in Mr. Hochschild's article ["Reserves and Guard: A More Selective Service," January] that I completely agree with, and there are some other things that needed more development.

But to start off with, I think I should give you a bit of my background in this field. I spent 37 years as a reserve officer and part of that time as a National Guardsman. Of that time, I spent approximately eight years on active duty, counting World War II, two weeks to six weeks drill periods in the summer, and weekly drills with my reserve organization in Washington. I retired four years ago as a major general in the Air Force Reserve.

Now, for a look at the article. The organization that the author belonged to is more typical unfortunately than not, as reserve army units have never, in my experience, had enough equipment to do more than just paperwork, parades, etc. Contrary to what the author believes, the reserve and National

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Guard do not provide the manufacturers of this country with great additional income; in fact, their equipment consists entirely of things no longer needed by the regular establishment. I argued against this most of my reserve service, but outside of the Air National Guard, I have never seen a ground unit completely equipped and ready to go.

My son-in-law is a surgeon with the ground National Guard in Arizona, and while they drill religiously, and by the way, his unit served admirably in Guadalcanal as a National Guard unit called to active duty, work hard, even though sometimes they don't have enough ammunition for practice firing of their artillery pieces.

When you get into Naval Reserve and Air Reserve and Air Guard, you find a little different story because these organizations generally have good equipment, even though it's old, and good personnel to maintain it. You will find the average Air National Guard unit to be above regular outfits in experience, flying time, etc. The Air Reserve in this country generally flies transport and has done an outstanding job whenever called to duty, such as the Cuba crisis and now in air-evacuation. The Air National Guard is not made up entirely of fighter units; in fact, they are closing out at a rather fast pace, but they are being replaced by surplus transports and most of these units fly regular missions to Saigon or to Germany or to any other place in the world they are called upon for duty.

In the days before World War II, the National Guard was permeated and dominated almost entirely by State politics. This is why the Governors have always held so tenaciously to their units. One of the few things I ever agreed with Secretary McNamara on was his suggestion to merge the Air National Guard and the Air Reserve into one organization to be called either Reserve or Guard. In fact, General LeMay made this suggestion before a reserve meeting here in Washington, and he was audibly booed by those who did not want the situation changed.

I disagree completely that the reserve concept should be abandoned; I think it should receive far more attention than it has received in the past, and I agree that the units should be merged regardless of what we call them. A Governor could call up reserve ground units just as easily as he could call up reserve guard units, and he has practically no use for the Air National Guard, so it could revert as a reserve force to federal control. Once this merger was accomplished, I would hope that the branches of the military would take more interest and pay more attention to the reserve work, not just for the improvement of the force, but to make it possible to use these forces in time of war. I agree that the reserve and the guard should have been called up for Vietnam; in fact, the reserve and the guard expected it, and are just as upset about not being called as anyone could be.

A strong reserve force would make it possible to establish a voluntary military, such as I have been advocating for the last ten years, and do away with the draft, and the reserve could be made so attractive that young men would want to belong to it even knowing that they would be called up in times of emergency.

To summarize my opinion of the article, I repeat, he is right in most of his allegations, but I have a suspicion that the article was written more to protest the absence of Negroes in the forces than anything else. If this be the case, then the Governors should be criticized. When I was asked by my Governor to organize the Air National Guard, I told him that I would not do it unless he dropped the segregation that had always existed in the National Guard in Arizona. He agreed to do this and we opened the door to Negroes and the door is still wide open, but we get very, very few applications from this group. This may be because of the low ratio of blacks to whites in Arizona, but nevertheless, they have not been denied admission since 1948, and we still are not besieged by their applications.

BARRY GOLDWATER
Washington, D.C.

The editor replies:

Senator Goldwater's letter is very candid, and we concur with a great deal of it. Our major disagreement concerns his statement that the Reserve and Guard expected to be called up for Vietnam and "are just as upset about not being called as anyone could be." The central point of the Hochschild article is that most reservists valued the arrangement primarily as *insulation* from Vietnam, and that the Reserve system—along with the college deferment—has been a critical safety valve for political opposition to the Vietnam war. For 10 years, these sanctuaries from the draft have bought off the educated and privileged sectors of the population, whose members made speeches and waved banners against the war without ever really challenging the rank discrimination in their favor. These immoral loopholes still play a crucial role in letting the war drag on. ■

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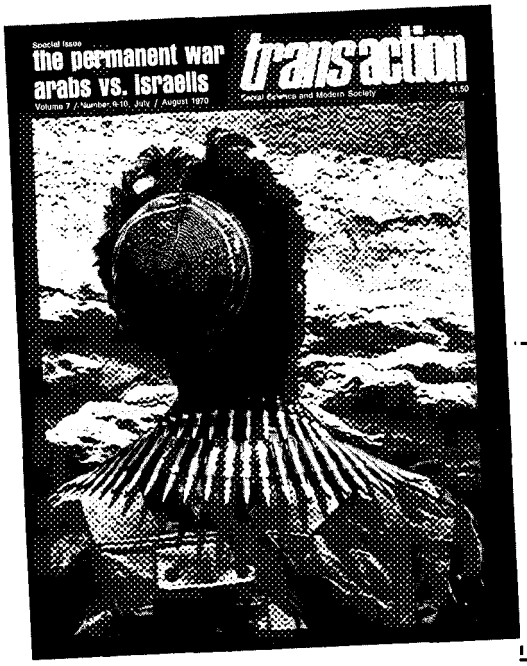

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James

the Reser

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by Walter Goodman

In the middle of his life's journey, James Marcus found himself in a dark wood. He entered it after a fine bright year of success, the only completely successful year that he was to know. That came in 1965, when he was 35 years old and a volunteer in John Lindsay's campaign to be mayor of New York City. The Lindsay candidacy, an attack on the city's political masters, had to be run by outsiders, many of them new to municipal give and take, and James Marcus was one of these. He did the odd jobs that came his way—mainly following up potential sources of funds and support—and he won, along with the friendship of the new mayor, a place in the City Hall establishment. For the first time in his life, he could look forward to a position of consequence.

Until that good year, Marcus had played the part of the charming failure. He grew up in Schenectady, only child of a middle-class Jewish family. His father was a lawyer and sometime assistant district attorney; his mother a busy worker in a variety of causes. In his teens, owing to parental hopes for his future or exasperation with his scholastic past, he was sent off to military school, one of those places where characters are supposedly built. His later years at Union College and at the University of Pennsylvania were a blend of social success and academic failure. He found that he was better suited to the softer pleasures of the campus than to the rigors of the classroom; his record spotted with Fs and cuts, he was dropped from both institutions. The jobs he held after finishing with college were of the sort that make impressive reading on a fellow's resume but are not otherwise sustaining. He was president of a short-lived investment firm in Chicago called James, Martin & Co., which never made any money. "It was a one-man operation, overhead extremely limited, a 10-by-10 office," reports the firm's secretary-treasurer. In 1960,

Walter Goodman is author of The Committee, *published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and "The Committee Revisited" in* The Washington Monthly. *This article is adapted from his book* A Percentage of the Take, *to be published in February by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* *Copyright 1971 by Walter Goodman.*

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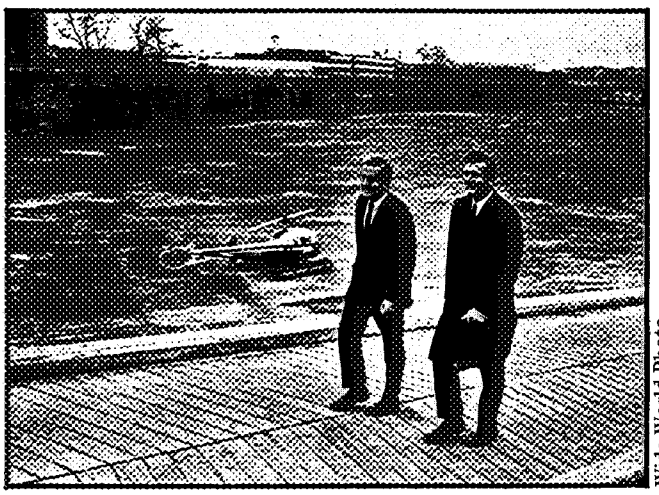
Marcus: Out of voir and Up ne River



Wide World Photo

Commissioner James Marcus and Mayor John Lindsay at the Jerome Park Reservoir, May 11, 1967.

according to the information released when he joined the Lindsay team, he became president of Chlorodyne Chemical Company, an organization that no one has been able to track down. In 1962 he got his fanciest connection, becoming head of a subsidiary of the large and famous advertising agency, Interpublic, Inc. The subsidiary, however—called Investors Marketing Services and designed to "assist" investors—was another small operation that did not last very long. Still, it had its uses. In a press release a few years later, which Marcus carried personally from City Hall to newspaper offices, this connection would be splendidly embellished by memory: Marcus described himself as having been "president of the I.M.S. subsidiary of Interpublic, Inc., a world-wide advertising and public-relations concern." Like a new wine in an old bottle, the Marcus career seemed inviting until uncorked.

Yet Marcus had charm. He cut a handsome figure, his boyish face improved by the early gray of his hair. He took pains with his grooming and his tailoring, his style up to date but not unduly innovative, appropriate, say, to a knowing young executive in a stock-brokerage house. An acquaintance of the time describes him: "He was nice and neat. Always had a suntan, always looked like he just came out of the shower."

Marcus was naturally attracted to affluent and swinging young New Yorkers. He gained entrance into their delectable ambiance with his marriage, in June,1962, to Lily Lodge, daughter of John Davis Lodge, former governor of Connecticut and ambassador to Spain. (Thereafter, Marcus would sometimes have himself introduced as "the son-in-law of former Connecticut Governor John Davis Lodge," or a mouthful of words to that effect. The former governor, for his part, is not known to have advertised the new connection.) Jim and Lily had met at a theatrical colony in Maine.

Among the new friends whom he owed to Lily was John Lindsay, then Congressman from New York's Silk Stocking District. They met in 1964, and Marcus, free of worldly commitments, became a volunteer in the estimable young politician's 1965

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mayoralty campaign. He was no major strategist, but his social talents served him well in making contacts in his candidate's behalf. Without the Lodge key, we may fairly assume, the doors of New York Republicanism would not have opened so wide to Marcus, so disastrously wide. "I thought he was the very nice son-in-law of a wealthy Christian family," a Lindsay aide of the time recalls dryly. Though short of the stamina that would have been required to work his way up through established party ranks, in the Lindsay camp he found a ready welcome. He owed his quick progress to the lack of an operating political machine, as well as to Lindsay's predilection for young men cast in his own handsome mold; he was in fact one of the earliest products of 1965 reform politics in New York City. Once Marcus won the friendship of John Lindsay and became a person to be reckoned with, he was doomed. He might have been spared the tribulations that lay ahead if only no one had considered him worth corrupting.

The Ultimate Tip

New York's depleted water reservoirs made a lively campaign issue in the summer of 1965, and John Lindsay promised that, if elected, he would oust the water commissioner and replace him with a professional engineer. Regarding the water shortage, campaigner Lindsay declared, "Let the responsibility fall where it should—at the highest level," and he promised to "clean out the whole crew and get qualified professional engineers in the water department from the top to the bottom." At the top, Mayor Lindsay decided to install James Marcus. Why Marcus? Three or four qualified men were offered the post, but all declined. "Marcus was available," shrugs an important member of the early Lindsay team. "He was hanging around. No doubt there were better people for the job, but we were busy and they weren't on hand. Jim was."

What Lindsay hoped to find in Marcus in 1966 was a mayor-loyal commissioner, with perhaps some undeveloped skills. He had assisted in the campaign; he was young and personable; he was a friend; he was, more or less, a Lodge. Turning him into a commissioner was at once politically sound and personally satisfying. If John Lindsay, the Republican in a Democratic city, could trust anyone, he could trust Jim Marcus. Although he became an official assistant to the mayor in March, 1966, charged with running the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, with its 3,000 employees, Marcus would not go onto the city's payroll until he was sworn in as commissioner the following September. For the time being, therefore, he was on no one's payroll. "I never knew what he did for a living," says a co-worker. "I just assumed he had money." It was not a question of going hungry—but the situation did have its delicate aspects. The reward of marriage to a Lodge and friendship with Lindsay (who perhaps got a feeling of security from having at his side an associate who could scorn salary) was a welcome to a very expensive stratum of New York society. To live up fully to his own appreciation of his new role, Marcus needed a lot of money.

In 1966, the unsalaried Marcus did what any smart young fellow would do under the circumstances—he played the stock market. Having discovered early that he was not cut out for workaday accomplishments, yet smitten with visions of high-riding success, Marcus was drawn insensibly to the magic of the market—that Great Reformatory for Crooks, in Finley Peter Dunne's opinion—and all that it promised. A friend recalls: "He was talking in the beginning, he was going to make five or six million dollars before two years were out." Though his investment-firm connections came to nothing, the rising stock prices of the early 1960's enabled him to do well enough with his own speculations to carry on the game at quite

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high stakes for a man without an income. In the spring of 1966, at the height of his career, he apparently received the ultimate tip, and went after it with everything he had and quite a bit that he didn't have. The company in question, named Xtra, was in the business of leasing piggyback containers to railroads, but for the go-go investor, the details of what a company actually makes, what services it performs, are irrelevant to the dream symbolized by its stock. On April 4, 1966, Marcus reached for that banal dream: he bought 1,000 shares of Xtra, at about $96 a share. Within a week, the stock jumped 10 points, and so Marcus, having made a fast $10,000 went all the way; he took another thousand shares, this time at about $106 a share. He did not, to be sure, have the more than $200,000 needed to pay in full for these purchases, but he did have credit with a finance company. At an interest rate of one per cent a month, Koenig & Co. laid out 80 per cent of the cost of the stock—around $160,000. Marcus' account at the time held $43,000, which went toward the remaining 20 per cent. Koenig kept the stock as collateral. And then, that cruel April, as though the gods of the American Stock Exchange had nothing better to do than play jokes on James Marcus, Xtra began a precipitous drop. By the end of the month, it was down to the low eighties and getting lower; by fall, it would be hovering shakily at around $40 a share. There went Marcus' millions.

As the value of the shares fell, his friends at Koenig & Co. began pressing him for cash to keep up the value of his collateral, with the regrettable but businesslike alternative that he would otherwise be sold out. Marcus had no resources of his own and no means of raising on short notice the thousands required as the stock kept slipping and the interest charges, of about $1,600 a month, kept adding up; he did borrow from relatives, friends, and friends of his wife, but the sums proved insufficient, and his relations with his father-in-law were not such as to encourage him to seek assistance in that direction. So he turned to his new, special friend, Herb Itkin.

The Informer

In many ages and varied climes, the legal profession has found room for men whose careers consist of skirting, manipulating, and torturing the law. Some spend their lives in offices, more or less well appointed, pondering how the letter of a provision of the tax code may be twisted to subvert the code's spirit. Others take the courtroom for their stage and there, on any weekday afternoon, they will grind out a tear for any Mafioso who can meet their fee. Whatever our reservations as to their callings, these young men on the make and middle-aged men grown sanctimonious are part of our system; they are the testers of the law—devil's advocates perhaps, but advocates withal.

No such plea can be advanced on behalf of Herbert Itkin. Like some of his more legitimate professional kin, he practiced a law that was all fancy deals and contortionist logic—but he went further, past the hazy fringes of legality, into the bush where the lawyer does not merely stand between his client and society but becomes part of the criminal tribe.

Investing other people's money in unwholesome ventures took up more of Itkin's energies that the conventional practice of law. He seems to have gone through around $100,000 belonging to his mother-in-law. One of his early promotions involved drilling for gas in the Catskills. By the end of 1963, he concedes, he was "doing very little legal work." He was on to more exotic lines, pursuing wealth in Central America. Although his commercial connections in that part of the world remain elusive, they seem to have had to do with unsettled political conditions in Haiti and the Dominican Republic. From 1963 to 1964 he was registered with the Justice Department as a foreign agent in behalf of

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interests in both those lands, representing, on paper at least, an exile group known as the Provisional Government of the Republic of Haiti, based in San Juan, Puerto Rico, the Ministry of Education of the Dominican Republic, and the Dominican Ambassador to the United States. He also represented himself as attorney for Westrade, Inc., a Coral Gables, Florida, outfit which purportedly was to play a role in an effort by the Dominican Republic government to float a bond issue of $35 million. It is understood, too, that Itkin had something to do with an unsuccessful attempt in 1963 to invade Haiti from the Dominican Republic and depose the tyrant Duvalier. His interest in this enterprise was connected with the possibility of obtaining lucrative contracts in the event that Papa Doc fell and democracy triumphed.

These dashing activities, like his later activities inside the Dominican Republic around the time of the 1965 civil war, may have been sponsored, to some extent, by the Central Intelligence Agency. Itkin claims to have been recruited personally in the mid-fifties by CIA Director Allen Dulles, on the recommendation of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, to whom he says he sent information about "crucial areas of the Far East" obtained on trips for the law firm he was connected with at the time. Later, when his area of interest shifted to Central America, he says that he found Mafiosi everywhere. They showered attentions upon him because "in their eyes I was a scheming lawyer." He became a "money-mover" for them. He claims to have remained a salaried CIA "illegal" through 1967, code name "Portio." CIA spokesmen have let it be known that Itkin's account of his relationship with the agency goes far beyond anything in their records. By their unattributable account, Itkin first came to the attention of a CIA "intelligence source" in New York City in the spring of 1962. The CIA man, a lawyer who had private business dealings with Itkin, responded to his tales of adventures in Haiti and the Dominican Republic and encouraged him to look into things down there. It was a rather casual association, Washington officials insist, which lasted for only about a year and from which Itkin derived no income. Indeed, he is reported to have complained that the CIA still owes him about $90,000 for out-of-pocket expenses.

Code Name "Mr. Jerry"

All of the preceding, however, falls into the category of avocation. Itkin's main line of work during the 1960s was as a most untypical sort of "labor lawyer." If he was not widely known among members of the city's labor bar, that was probably due to the special nature of his specialty. He served as a conduit for the passage of bribes from needy businessmen to racketeers and accessible union officials who would then arrange for large and shakily secured mortgage loans to the businessmen out of union funds. "We couldn't say no to the hoods," explains Itkin—the "we" taking in the U.S. government. "We were using them in CIA activities." In these cases, Itkin endeavored to keep one and a half to two percent of the amount of the mortgage for himself. "He was really making it in 1961 and 1962," recalls his first wife. "He would bring home stacks of bills and he would give me half and say, 'This is for you. Put it in the safety-deposit box.' " At one time, she reports, there was $100,000 in that box. (On the occasion of his wife's birthday in 1962, Itkin presented her with a Macy's shopping bag filled with $25,000 in $5 bills.)

The greater part of the many billions of dollars now invested in private pension and welfare plans for the nation's workers is, we may presume, in honest hands, but government regulation in the area is distinguished by its loopholes. Through these have leaped such labor irregulars as Herbert Itkin.

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He developed a reputation as a man with connections who, for a price, could obtain a mortgage. But perhaps Itkin began to feel some intimations of mortality and thought of the FBI as a kind of insurance firm. J. Edgar Hoover, after all, might protect one from the vengeance of the lawless as well as from the retribution of the law. "I was in with the hoods," says Itkin. "What a shot! Who else was going to take the chance?" And so in March, 1963, he was passed along to the FBI by the CIA, rather as sportive aristocrats once traded mistresses, and became a "voluntary federal informant," which the FBI defines as "an individual, a citizen, who offers to furnish us information on a confidential basis, with no promise of a reward of any type."

Such was the delicacy of his relationship with the FBI that during their five years together he was able to collect tens of thousands of tax-free dollars from illicit operations. He relayed "just highlights" of his activities. The deals he reported, he reported after the fact; he elaborated upon the parts that others played, but scanted his own contribution. No one can remember his ever giving up any of his share of the payoff money; the closest he came was the time he handed over to his FBI contact the wrappers from two piles of bills. Generally, reports the contact, he "told me about these deals after they were completed and he had disbursed the proceeds." The FBI, which acknowledges giving him only a few thousand dollars for expenses, accepted what he chose to tell.

So happy a resolution between the appetites of the body and the needs of the spirit is not given to many men. A couple of times a week, Itkin, voluntary unpaid informer No. 3936C, code name "Mr. Jerry," would make partial confession to an FBI agent. "We met in a restaurant," reports the agent, "public places generally, for short periods of time generally. He was constantly on the move. He was meeting so many people and dealing with so many people." With no injunction to do penance, lawyer Itkin would at once return to his trade. Not, we may be sure, without a sense of honor. Asked whether, in setting up escrow accounts for loan-seeking businessmen and then using the funds therein as bribes to union functionaries, he was not violating his trust as an attorney, Itkin replies in the negative on the grounds that the escrow accounts were fraudulent to begin with and he was only doing what was expected when he milked them. Asked how he could reconcile his attachment to the FBI with the fact that he profited from the criminal conspiracies he had undertaken to wipe out, he replies: "I had to live and I had to further my infiltration. . . . Either you go to the Copa with them [Mafiosi] and spend money or they won't go along with you." In his heart Itkin knew he was doing right: "I felt in my heart that every bit of information that I finally accumulated I would eventually turn over to the FBI."

Friendly Advice

Marcus and Itkin came together first in the early summer of 1965, just a few weeks after John Lindsay's announcement that he was a candidate for mayor. The intermediary was Oscar A. Bloustein, one of the lawyers who shared offices with Itkin at 300 Madison Avenue. Bloustein wanted to help in the campaign but preferred to do so "behind the scenes," out of regard for the position of his brother, then a member of the city's Planning Commission. "Where do you need help?" he asked, and when Marcus mentioned union endorsements, not often bestowed on Republican candidates in New York City, Bloustein introduced him to Itkin—"I am sure he can help you with labor unions."

Their friendship took fire at once. To Itkin, Marcus must have seemed a prize from the gods. The relationship with the Lodges and with the

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Lindsays, which Marcus took no pains to conceal, suggested large quantities of money and pull, basic ingredients in the Itkin way of life. Marcus was irresistible. But Itkin was not without appeals of his own for the neophyte politician and faltering operator. Itkin *knew* things. He knew people and powers and where the action was and where the bodies were buried and whose closets housed which skeletons. Where tips were to be had, Itkin would have them, and Marcus, the eternal outsider who wanted more than anything to be inside, had faith in tips. Soon, Itkin was a frequent visitor to Lindsay headquarters in the Hotel Roosevelt, and by November, election month, he and Marcus would be seeing one another almost daily. On Fridays, Marcus would pick up Itkin's children by his first wife and deliver them to their father for their weekend visit.

Itkin, if one may believe him on this inconsequential point, early invested $6,000 of his second wife's money in Xtra on Marcus' promise that the stock was about to "skyrocket." When it began its descent toward the end of April, 1966, and Koenig & Co. pressed Marcus for more cash to keep up his margin, Marcus turned for advice to Itkin, who had become his mentor in many things. Itkin's advice in 1966 was to this effect: instead of selling out and taking his loss—which at that stage would have been in the neighborhood of $40,000, substantial but manageable—Marcus should hold on, keep faith, and borrow in prospects that "perhaps the stock will come back." Moreover, Itkin the insider would undertake to arrange the needed loan. This would do as a sign of their abiding friendship, with the understanding that should the stock one day indeed rise, he, Itkin, would share equally in the profits. Infatuated with the prospects of Xtra, determined not to take his loss and quit, Marcus could not appreciate what he did to himself when he agreed to this course. By giving up half his profits and by committing himself to months of interest payments over and above what he was already paying to Koenig & Co., he reduced drastically the possibility that he could still, somehow, come out ahead. Itkin, for his part, could hardly come out behind. If there were a loss, Marcus would suffer the brunt of it. If there were a gain, Itkin would share as a full partner. Yet what choice did James Marcus have? How could he admit defeat again? Casting about for the money needed to keep this young partnership afloat, Itkin turned to Daniel J. Motto.

The Union Chief

At the age of 57, when he was arrested for his part in the Marcus-Itkin affair, Motto's face held the story of his career, the tough, soft, twisted face, the tight mouth, the slitted untrusting eyes. During World War II, he was convicted of black-market operations in gasoline-ration coupons, getting off with a suspended sentence of a year and a day and a fine of $1,000. He was a creature of racketeers; in their behalf he lent his radiant name to the executive board of the American-Italian Anti-Defamation League, an organization established to spare the Cosa Nostra a bad press. He complained of ulcers. It was fated that the labor consultant Itkin and the labor official Motto, president of Queens Local 350 of the Bakery, Confectionary and Food International Union, should find one another, even in so large a metropolis as New York. They existed in the same element and operated by the same rules. Local 350, which has about 900 members in bakeries around the city, was separated from labor's mainstream some years ago, owing to its Mafiosic propensities. On a recorded annual salary of $13,250, Motto had managed to acquire a $57,000 house in Greenwich, Connecticut, and a stable of trotters, as well as a new-model Oldsmobile, with his initials on the license plate. He and Itkin met, probably at a union dinner, around

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1964, and soon they were collaborating on small pieces of business.

Motto was able to supply some of the money that Marcus needed in the spring of 1966 to replenish his fast-deteriorating account with Koenig & Co. The approach was made by Itkin, Marcus' new partner in Xtra. He asked for $25,000. Motto agreed to a loan of $20,000, in words, as Itkin recalls, more or less like these: "Well, maybe I will lend you the money, but I want to know something first. Lindsay hasn't done a thing for me up to now, and I have been trying to get to see him and can't even get to see him." Motto put two conditions on his loan: a specific one—a guarantee that his friend Charlie Imperial would be kept in his job; and a general one—assurance that Marcus intended "to play ball with me."

Motto had to be pressed to come up with the promised sum—but by May he had handed over $19,500 in two installments to Itkin and to Itkin's young helper Charles Rappaport. This counted as a loan of $20,000, the remaining $500 serving as Motto's interest, deducted in advance in the manner of lending institutions the world over. In addition, according to Itkin, Motto demanded to be shown a letter from Marcus and Itkin stating that $15,000 worth of stock was being purchased in Itkin's behalf, with the thought that the lender would share in the profits if, by some chance, the stock should go up. The terms were exceedingly generous by Motto's standards of moneylending, interest being computed at just 13 per cent per annum. Later in the year, the Marcus-Itkin combine would borrow another $5,000 from him; for this, according to Marcus, they would pay the more customary two per cent a week interest, or "vigorish" as it is known in the trade. Motto was but one of the lenders who helped keep the commissioner afloat. Through the services of Itkin, Marcus was able to borrow at least $5,000, at the prevailing rate of 104 per cent a year, from a loan shark in the fall of 1966—and feel himself fortunate since this entrepreneur was at about the same time charging 260 per cent for loans to another of Itkin's associates.

In June, 1966, when Motto was already dunning him for repayment of the lately loaned $20,000, Marcus agreed to attend a convention of the regional council of the bakery-workers union. Motto was up for the presidency of the regional group, which took in locals in six Eastern states, and he thought it might make a good impression on the boys to have a pal of John Lindsay at his side. So it came to pass that on the afternoon of June 18, 1966, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus drove to Atlantic City from their summer home on Long Beach Island and joined Mr. and Mrs. Motto at the Colony Motel. There Mrs. Motto told of her troubles in getting her daughter into a good school in Greenwich and asked the former Lily Lodge whether she might help out. For an hour or so, Motto shepherded the Marcuses around the motel lobby, introducing the delegate bakery workers to the commissioner presumptive, and then he took his guest alone into a corner and, as was his custom, pressed him for favors. By now, in June, the main favor on Motto's mind had to do with the Jerome Park reservoir.

"Do You Want to Play Ball?"

In November, 1965, hard upon John Lindsay's election as mayor, residents of the Bronx and parts of Manhattan were annoyed to find dirt in their drinking water. It was altogether appropriate that there be muck at the bottom of the reservoir, which serves as a storage basin for water from the Croton watershed; that is one of the reasons for its existence. It holds the water—which would otherwise go to waste, but may now be delivered to householders' faucets at peak need—long enough so that organic and inorganic material carried down from Croton can settle to the bottom. Leaves, dust, and soot also

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settle and undergo natural decomposition. Over the decades, this material, 175,000 cubic yards of it, had turned into a fluid grayish-black sludge blanket for the reservoir bottom, and bits of that blanket were finding their way into the drinking water of Bronxites.

In February, 1966, the Water Department's chief engineer recommended that for the first time in its existence the reservoir be drained and the muck removed. The draining and cleaning of a reservoir that covered more than 96 acres, was 23 feet deep, and held 773 million gallons of water represented a project of considerable proportions. Such an undertaking was beyond the capacity of the department; a private contractor would have to be hired.

The City of New York uses three main methods for hiring contractors. By the first, a formal contract containing plans and specifications and approved by the city's Corporation Counsel is publicly advertised for bids from private firms. By the second, where the sum involved is less than $2,500, the contract is informal; several firms are invited to bid and the job goes to the low bidder. The third method, in which James Marcus would receive an education, employs an emergency contract, the job being awarded by the commissioner of a department without public advertisement—on a cost-plus basis.

In March, Acting Water Commissioner Marcus received from his engineers the recommendation that an emergency contract be issued for the cleaning and repair of the Jerome Park reservoir. Marcus seems not to have understood immediately the quality of the gift that was being handed to him. Like a freshly developing maiden, he required the attentions of new admirers before he could put a proper value on his own endowments.

No sooner did the hustling Itkin hear of the big emergency contract than he hustled back to Marcus. We have Itkin's version of their conversation:

"I said, 'Jim, Danny wants us to work on a big reservoir contract. I understand it is something that is going to be the biggest ever given out. Are you going to play with us?'

"And Jim said, 'How did you hear about it?'

"And I said, 'I don't know. I guess it is all over the street. The people in the know know.' "

Marcus did not miss the drift of Motto's message: "I understood him to mean that he would find a contractor or negotiate with a contractor and there would be a kickback." Perhaps it can be taken as a sign of residual grace that Marcus had not brought the emergency contract to Itkin's attention during the preceding weeks, and that even now he sought to hedge, although escape was out of the question for him. "I just heard about it myself," he protested, feebly and untruthfully. Then, according to Itkin, he added: "Let us not push too hard. Danny waited on the money. Let us wait a little on this."

But Itkin was nothing if not a hard pusher: "I don't know what good that is going to do us. Do you want to play ball with him or not?"

They talked, and whatever qualms or hopes of redemption Marcus may have had fell away. Inevitably, he said, "Yes, I will."

Tony Ducks Corallo

The fact was that Daniel Motto, despite his fine house, his trotters, and his political connections in Queens, was a small star in the Cosa Nostra universe. No *capo* he; not even a *sub-capo*; not even a *caporegime*. His position relative to the dominant Mafia families was something of an in-law. He could arrange a brokerage fee on a union insurance plan, steer a client to an Itkin, make a two-per-cent-a-week loan, put in a good word for a pal in the municipal employ—but when it came to a serious swindle, he would defer to his betters. Motto's particular mover was Antonio (Tony Ducks) Corallo. Despite a mythology which pictures the Mafia as a centralized

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bureaucracy of crime, its politics owe less to Rome than to Florence. Friends and cousins and sons-in-law move in on one another as opportunity permits, make alliances and ignore them, take sides in feuds, cultivate old grudges—that is, they conduct themselves more like kinsmen than like statesmen. We may think of Daniel Motto as a small city-state existing by the grace of Tony Ducks.

Known to some of his associates as "The Doctor" and described by one student of Cosa Nostra affairs as "a loan shark's loan shark," Corallo had a considerable reputation in the Motto-Itkin circle and beyond. He is 53 years old when he enters our story, and his life's progress can be measured by his record of convictions. He served time in his youth for trafficking in narcotics and in his maturity for attempting to bribe a judge in a bankruptcy proceeding. Depending on the story one prefers, the sobriquet "Tony Ducks" commemorated his escape from an attempted assassination or from merited convictions. Such was his distinction by January, 1967, that he was ejected from England by Scotland Yard on the basis of reputation alone shortly after his arrival in the company of his new friend, Herbie Itkin, and a reputed strong-arm type named Tommy Mancuso, the three of them apparently drawn to those shores by the opportunities inherent in legalized gambling.

In May, 1966, Itkin had his first meeting with Antonio Corallo at the Pancake House in Queens. Itkin, who knew Corallo by reputation, received a candid introduction. Motto presented him as "the guy that's going to handle these contracts with the city with us." No matters of substance were discussed at this first meeting—but, at parting, Corallo somewhat patronizingly confirmed the fresh relationship. He said, "I'm glad you're going to work on the contracts with us." Itkin reported back to Marcus that he had met "a high guy"—which Marcus understood to mean "the top of the Mafia."

A few days later, at the diner near Motto's office, there was a more substantive meeting of Itkin, Motto, and Corallo. Corallo announced: "Here's what we're going to do. Joe Pizzo, who is the labor-relations consultant for Henry Fried and Mackay Construction, is going to handle this for us. He's been in a lot of deals with Henry."

Blessings on Vincent Albano

Henry Fried, proprietor of Mackay Trucking Co. and S. T. Grand, was big-time. To intercede for him with the commissioner, he chose no less an emissary than Vincent Albano, the Manhattan Republican Party chairman and political patron of John Lindsay. In the weeks preceding his inauguration, Marcus was contacted "on numerous occasions" by Albano with reference to Fried and the reservoir contract. He knew and valued the uses of personal contact and Vincent Albano obliged him in October by inviting Marcus for a drink at the Hilton Hotel, where the Republican organization was then quartered for the 1966 Rockefeller gubernatorial campaign. There, in the Bourbon Room of the Hilton, the introduction was made.

Marcus provides the gist of the conversation: "Mr. Albano said that if I could give the job of Jerome Park reservoir to Mr. Fried, he would be very appreciative. That Mr. Fried had always been a heavy contributor to the Republican Party, and any work that I could give Mr. Fried, he would be very appreciative." No money payment was alluded to at this meeting; the solicitation was political. As Marcus explains, ". . . when you get called in by the county chairman and asked to give the job to a certain company, you get the message." Marcus acted upon the message by recommending Fried and firm to other city officials.

The dropping of the name of Vincent Albano in among such names as Corallo and Motto at the June,

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1968, trial caused agitation in the city's Republican establishment. A response was called for, and so an "informal study" was undertaken by two of Chairman Albano's more prominent peers on the G.O.P. county committee, Judge Bruce Bromley and Peter M. Brown, a Wall Street lawyer. They took care to note that no criminal act was involved, but concluded that "so far as considerations of propriety are involved it seems to us unwise and probably unethical for political leaders in the position and of the stature of Mr. Albano to introduce substantial contributors or any person to government officials for the purpose of aiding the persons involved in doing business with the city or government agency." Yet it came as something of a puzzle when Mayor Lindsay issued a statement commending Judge Bromley and Mr. Brown for their public service and agreeing with them as to the desirability of precluding "even the impression of impropriety or ethical compromise"—only to add: "Their finding of no wrong-doing confirms the personal and political integrity of Vincent Albano." The Mayor went further: "Mr. Albano has underscored this by his progressive approach to public affairs, his complete cooperation with Judge Bromley and Mr. Brown, and by his public endorsement of their recommendations." With a stroke of the pen, the compromised had been transformed into the occasion's guest of honor, an exemplar to us all.

Although the act of bestowing a medal on a politician for helping to lead a public official astray was unbecoming in a man of John Lindsay's quality, his predicament was not easy. Vincent Albano had sponsored him at the outset of his political career, when he ran successfully as an insurgent Republican for the congressional seat from New York's 17th district. Eleven years later, after the liberal Lindsay lost his party's mayoralty nomination to a conservative from Staten Island, Vincent Albano stood by him. One does not subject such a friend, particularly when he still holds his party post, to the discourtesy of public criticism.

"$75,000 in Green"

At the dinner meeting in May, Corallo asked Itkin, "How much do you want?" Itkin, relaying the question to his partner, confessed: "I don't know what the going price is. I really don't know how much to ask." And if Itkin, the professional, was puzzled on this point, what could have been expected of the amateur Marcus? The two resorted to simple arithmetic to calculate an answer for Corallo. Their partnership had debts outstanding at the time of about $75,000. Estimating that the reservoir contract would come in at around a million dollars, Marcus settled on a cut of seven and a half per cent as being just enough to meet his needs. In Itkin's phrase, "$75,000 in green."

It was now June of 1966, the beginning of a summer lull in the conspirings. Marcus and Itkin met twice more with Motto. At the end of June, Marcus accompanied Itkin to the Dominican Republic for the inauguration of President Balaguer. They returned home for the weekend of July 4th, and Marcus joined his family on holiday while Itkin went off on one of his mysterious journeys for most of July. The first weeks of August found Marcus vacationing in Maine, and so it was not until the middle of the month that he began to receive hints that all was not going well, that the fee he had set for his compliance might prove unrealistic.

In September the case was put to Itkin bluntly by Motto and Corallo. They met at the Loren East restaurant on the East Side of Manhattan and at the Pancake House in Queens. At one of these sessions, Itkin was told, "Look, 15 per cent is just too much for Henry Fried to pay, and we can't get this amount. We just can't get it." Itkin was taken aback. It had not occurred to him, nor certainly to Marcus, that their associates would

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tack another seven and a half per cent onto their seven and a half per cent and make a demand of Fried which even they in their hopefulness recognized was excessive. In fact, it seems not to have occurred to either Marcus or Itkin that the Corallo-Motto team planned to ask for anything above the somewhat arbitrarily set fee. Itkin confesses that he was reluctant to bring the 15 per cent news back to Marcus, but after a while, under Motto's naggings, he did.

Haggling Over the Price

Tuesday, September 27, 1966, was an important day for James Marcus, a day of ceremony and conspiracy, when in the space of a few hours he swore allegiance to the people of New York and took part in a meeting dedicated to betraying the trust he had barely assumed. That Tuesday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Marcus, generously described for press purposes as "a 35-year-old banker and businessman," was sworn in as the city's Commissioner of the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, at an annual salary of $25,000 and perquisites. He issued a call to civic consciousness: "I hope and urge that New Yorkers will conserve water to the best of their ability." Itkin, who had spent the morning with Motto, attended the solemn event in the Board of Estimate room at City Hall. As the congratulations died away, he whispered to his friend that a meeting had been set up for that afternoon with their accomplices.

At the Loren East that afternoon, Marcus and Itkin and Corallo brooded together over the difficulties of coming to an agreement with S. T. Grand. Corallo, who did the talking for his half of the combine, suggested that the other half was asking for too much money. The conversation, as received from Itkin, then went as follows:

"Jim said, 'I understand you are asking for 15 per cent. No wonder we haven't got a contract.'

"Tony said, 'Don't you think we deserve it too? We are the ones taking the risk. We are picking up the green.'

"Marcus said, 'Well, I guess it is all right, but what about the loan Herb has talked to you about?'

"Tony said, 'Well, if you come down, I think there is going to be a deal, and I will lend you the ten.'

"I think I was the one who said, 'All right, Jim, what about five per cent?'

"And Jim said, 'Okay, five per cent.' "

Corallo, a frequent visitor to Itkin's office now, dropped by a day or so after the inauguration to tell him that the deal was dead. Henry Fried had turned down the 10-per cent figure—five per cent for Marcus-Itkin, five per cent for Corallo-Pizzo-Motto.

A few days later, in a luncheonette near where he customarily parked to pick up his wife after her day's work, Motto repeated this message at a meeting with Corallo and Itkin. He wanted a go-ahead from Corallo: "Look, Tony, I know I can get it, and there is no doubt in my mind—but I can't get more than five per cent. Now, is this going to be satisfactory to the commissioner and is it going to be satisfactory to you?"

Corallo, The Doctor, replied, "If that's the best you can do, that's the best you can do, and the commissioner will just have to go along with us." For many years Corallo had made a livelihood out of knowing who would go along and under what circumstances; he needed only two conversations with Marcus to make his judgment.

Still, on receiving the dismaying news from Itkin, Marcus threatened halfheartedly to back out. But Itkin had only to remind him of Corallo's promise of the $10,000 loan and he succumbed. He did, however, add that there was one thing he wanted understood: "I want three per cent and the rest of you can share two per cent." Such was the force of his personality that Itkin would wait some weeks before relaying this proviso to Corallo.

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Herbert Itkin and James Marcus at the Elizabeth Street Station, June 26, 1968.

Wide World Photo

At first, early in October, at the Loren East, he merely reported to Tony that Marcus had given his okay, and received for the news an envelope containing $10,000; this, together with $5,000 more from Motto, went to Koenig & Co. (In a break with ordinary business practice, Corallo's loan was apparently repaid without vigorish.)

The second business meeting between Corallo and Marcus took place in mid-October, soon after Motto had triumphantly notified Itkin, "You've got your deal. It is closed at five per cent with Henry Fried." Marcus and Itkin drove together, in the commissioner's official car, to the Tower East restaurant at 72nd Street and Third Avenue, where Itkin went inside to "see if everything is clear." Everything was not clear; the busy Corallo had some friends or associates with him, and he told Itkin to wait. This scene, of the New York City commissioner waiting in his car outside a restaurant at the pleasure of a racketeer, encapsules the Marcus-Corallo relationship. After 15 or 20 minutes, Corallo came forth to confirm the $10,000 investment and to make the point for which Marcus had been summoned uptown: "Well, now that we have done Jerome Park, can we do some other things?"

The commissioner replied, "Yes, we can." According to Itkin, he added, "Thanks, Tony."

"That's the Last Deal"

So it came about that shortly before Thanksgiving Day, 1966, S. T. Grand, Henry Fried presiding, was awarded the contract to clean the Jerome Park reservoir. The Jerome Park deal had now been made, the contract let. On December 5, 1966, S. T. Grand's bulldozers began their attack on the long-accumulated sludge of the drained reservoir; and, in Marcus' words, "We were looking to get paid."

The total contract, as it turned

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out, would amount to $841,316—five per cent of which, owed by Fried to the combine, came to something over $42,000. The Marcus-Itkin share was to be roughly $28,000, down somewhat from the $75,000 that had danced in their heads the previous spring. And even this reduced sum would never find its way to them in full.

On the occasion of the fifth payment, in the middle of May, Corallo directed that Motto bring $5,000 to Itkin's office. There, with Itkin present and Marcus waiting in another room, Corallo made his move: "Put the money down on the table and let me explain something. I haven't been getting my share. I've laid out a lot of money in other things. I want it off the top now." Then, amid some bickering, he coolly pocketed most of the cash, leaving just $500 for Marcus-Itkin.

"This is insane!" protested Itkin, and he warned that the commissioner, who was pacing without, would be displeased.

Not noticeably affrighted, Corallo said, "Well, go tell him, and tell him that we just had a lot of expenses."

Marcus, as foreseen, was displeased. He roused himself to a boyish threat: "That's the last deal I'm going through with these fellows."

The Products of Incompetence

The end of Itkin's fading relationship with James Marcus was foreshadowed in September, 1967, when the district attorney invited the commissioner in to discuss certain matters to which investigators had been drawn. Their interest was piqued in particular by a deposit of $55,000 which had been added to Marcus' account with Koenig & Co. in October, 1966. When Marcus told Itkin of his visit to the district attorney—"They are asking me questions that I am going to find impossible to answer"—Itkin replied with one of those exquisite sentences that become classics at the moment they are uttered. Said Itkin to Marcus: "You're in a lot of trouble."

In the weeks that followed, Itkin became more helpful. Marcus attributes to him the inspiration for his explanation to the district attorney that the $55,000 had come from his father. (Itkin refuses credit for this limp tale. It was Marcus' brain child, he maintains—which, if so, makes it one of the few original ideas that Marcus seems to have come up with during their entire acquaintance.) In December, 1967, when Marcus, back to the wall now, was ready to go to the FBI—"All I wanted to do was go there and tell my story"—Itkin was more than ready to go with him. They went together to the office at 201 East 69th Street, where Itkin presented Marcus to his Special Agent. Though Marcus insists that the decision was his alone, the fact that he chose to tell his story to the FBI rather than to the district attorney (and, in fact, perjured himself before a New York County grand jury) bespeaks Itkin's influence. On the model of Baron Munchausen, who was able to leap from cannonball to flying cannonball until he was carried safely back to his home camp, Itkin had managed to ride his criminal deals as long as possible, and when that became impossible, he jumped onto his deals with the law. James Marcus was the trophy that Herbert Itkin brought home from the jungle.

The tale of the amiably vicious alliance that feeds upon our cities does not begin and end with James Marcus and Herbert Itkin. Indeed, what makes this pair special is that they were *unsound*. Had they only known how to behave, Marcus might still be a municipal official and Henry Fried, the contractor, would be a happier man. We owe our glimpse into the enduring system of favors, pressures, and bribes to an odd set of circumstances—and the reader may be left wondering how many deals are completed around the land each day in which no revealing accident intervenes. ■

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THE CULTURE OF BUREAUCRACY:

The Anguish of Losing Office

by Roy Hattersley

The following is a reaction to the defeat of Harold Wilson's Labor party in British elections last year and to Hattersley's loss of the post of Minister of Defense in that government (although he was reelected to Parliament).

So Labor lost. But although the Government perished, I survived in Parliament. As the votes were counted a Conservative party worker, distressed by my Parliamentary victory, consoled herself by thinking out loud: "Well at least he's lost his well-paid Government job." There seemed to be more handshaking and congratulation than either 1964 or 1966. Perhaps it was just more difficult to fix the victory smile.

Outside the Council House, television trucks occupied the city square like the tanks of an invading army. Three weeks before, I had promised the first television interview after the result was declared to the BBC. It was an ordeal to be faced bravely.

At the door of the first truck the usual pretty girl with the invariable clipboard asked how I spelled my name. It seemed a bad augury. She had a recently revised list of interviews and participants. By some mistake "Hattersley" did not appear. A drink was offered while the nature of the error was determined and the mistake rectified. We watched the monitor, hypnotized by George Brown conceding defeat at Belper after 25 years in the House of Commons. I left after half an hour. Fourteen days later the BBC wrote me

Roy Hattersley is a Labor Member of Parliament. He will be a Visiting Fellow of the Kennedy Institute of Politics at Harvard this fall.

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a letter. They were grateful for my understanding that "the story of the night took a different turn from what many people expected and our schedule got changed."

The withdrawal pains were acute. Office is the most addictive of political drugs. Nearly half of the Parliamentary Labor Party had been weaned on it. Two hundred Labor MPs had never sat on the Opposition benches. New techniques had to be learned and learned quickly.

We did not enjoy learning. Opposition in British politics is all grind and no glamour, but that was not the complaint. Government often involved levels of industry and degrees of self restraint that made the new freedom seem not death but glorious release. No more late nights struggling through red dispatch boxes stuffed with Cabinet papers—some of which were intolerably dull. No more official receptions—some of which were even duller than the Cabinet papers. But the compensations were trivial. The country was no longer to be run in our way. Nothing made up for that.

Losing, good losers say, is not so bad. Once that view was widely held in the Labor Party—indeed there were Labor leaders who thought of defeat as their party's proper destiny. In 1960, Richard Crossman wrote "Those who assert that the sole or even the main objective of the Labor Party today should be to regain office . . .misconceive. . . the nature of British socialism." That view was not shared by the men and women who won seats for Labor in 1964 and 1966. We came into politics to play some part in the business of government. Because of that losing hurt. We mean to make sure that it goes on hurting right up to the next general election. The pain will concentrate the mind wonderfully.

But the day of defeat was no time for philosophizing about the future. By mid-afternoon Harold Wilson would have offered his resignation and returned his Seals of Office. An hour later Edward Heath would receive the Queen's Commission to form a Government. In Britain, a defeated Administration has about 12 hours' grace before its victorious successor moves in. There is a lot to be done.

Roy Jenkins, still Chancellor of the Exchequer until Harold Wilson arrived at Buckingham Palace, left Birmingham before daylight. By mid-afternoon he had said his farewells at the Treasury and left his official residence at Number 11 Downing Street. The temporary tenants of his own London house had suddenly left in May. By coincidence it stood conveniently and prophetically vacant.

At Number 10 Harold Wilson sorted private papers while his wife supervised the removal of personal belongings. Like defeated Prime Ministers for a hundred years, he left by the garden door that opens onto the Horse Guards Parade and slipped away unnoticed while the photographers at the front door waited for the triumphant arrival of Edward Heath.

The best stories about the morning after the election are probably apocryphal. People say that by noon, Harold Wilson—having completed the packing of his personal files—was sitting in the Cabinet Room writing the first draft of the speech he was to make as Leader of the Opposition at the State Opening of Parliament a fortnight later. Dennis Healey—for six years Secretary of State for Defense—unable at short notice to hire removal contractors is said to have hired a Hertz truck and loaded his own furniture with meticulous precision.

Lesser mortals had no more than the rooms in their Ministries to worry about. When I arrived at mine there were unmistakable signs that the tenancy was changing.

The Haldane suite of furniture—specially designed for Gladstone's Secretary of State for War—was covered by Xerox boxes filled with paper. The Admiralty Board silver—used in Queen Victoria's time when their Lordships sailed off in their special yacht to deliberate at sea—was engulfed by files.

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The Chief of the General Staff had sent a note written in his traditionally distinctive green ink. He followed hard behind. So did the Senior Permanent Secretary and my own Permanent Secretary (Administration). One of them said it was just the right time to be in Opposition, there had to be 10 years sooner or later and 37 was the right age to begin. We all agreed but none of us believed it. We were playing the civilized game that is more commonly practiced by dying men and their friends. Pretense was less embarrassing than the truth.

Two ex-private secretaries—walking without appointment into a Minister's outside office for the first time in their lives—were unsure of what to say. They knew that they were professionally disqualified from feeling sorry. But both young men had been with me in the summer of 1969 when we sent soldiers onto the streets of Northern Ireland, and nothing brings people closer together than having shared a tiny footnote in the history books.

I distributed the contents of my liquor cupboard between my personal staff and left my copy of *The Shorter Oxford Dictionary* to my successor—in moments of despair the Labor Party has always taken refuge in intellectual snobbishness. I was deciding if an inscription was appropriate when the message came. The Queen had returned from the races at Ascot. The Prime Minister had left for the Palace. He would return plain Mr. Wilson.

There were, my Principal Private Secretary told me, a number of duties he must now perform. They were laid down in a Cabinet circular. I would, of course, hardly need to be told that the official files were no longer open to me. As I was a Minister no more, my keys and passes must be handed in. I would leave the building on a "temporary visitor's pass." There was a man outside to "sign me off" the Official Secrets Act. I promised consciously to forget all the code words that I had never been able to remember.

My appointments secretary was on leave but phoned to say goodbye. Somebody was thus reminded of my outstanding drink bills. There was also money owing for tea and private postage. Arnold, my "messenger," who actually made the tea, offered me a final cup.

My driver, 20 years a soldier and most of those years chauffeuring Ministers and Generals, asked for the "privilege of a private word." As old soldiers will, he had acquired some items of surplus equipment. He had in his possession a "spare" Army Board Flag—like the one we flew when we drove to grand dinners at Chelsea or visited soldiers at camp. If I would like the original, he would use the duplicate from now on. He regretted that he could not make the same offer for the Air Force Board and Board of Admiralty. But no doubt I would not want that anyway.

I shook half a dozen more hands and a security guard signed my visitor's pass so that I was free to leave. Sergeant Powell drove me home. We unloaded the boxes of constituency correspondence, the brass lions from Nepal and the silver knife the Gurkhas gave me, the little statue I had taken to the Ministry of Defense to make it feel like home, and the hard hat that I had bought for passing-out parades. We shook hands for the first and last time and it was all over.

Or nearly all over. One thing yet remained to connect me to the great adventure. Not the official parties arranged to say farewell—those only made the end more obvious. But three months after I finally left the great room that stretched from Kitchener (at Omdurman after he had avenged Gordon's death) at one end to Nelson (two eyes, only one arm, therefore before the battle of the Nile) at the other, the Civil Service reached out to me again:

01106. Finance Department, Ministry of Defense. For changing one lock on red despatch box given as souvenir to Mr. R. S. G. Hattersley, M. P., ex-Minister of Defense (Administration) – £ 2.10.6 ■

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America's Time Traps: the Youth Cult, the Work Prison, the Emptiness of Age

by Suzannah Lessard

As a nation we have a peculiar sense of time. On one level it is linear and mechanical, a straight horizontal line made up of exact, identically spaced dots and better represented by the new digital clocks than by the traditional clock face, which, derived from the sundial, confuses the clean forward motion with its circular design, introducing notions of repetition, cycles, and cosmic mysteries.

Suzannah Lessard is an assistant editor of The Washington Monthly.

Digital time is the time of technology, the time with which we reduce the cosmic mysteries to our control, a diamond-pointed meter without resonance or variation and of such minute and absolute terms that it is possible to simulate on television exactly what is happening each second to a space ship on the other side of the moon. Such exact mastery can brook no failure. Missing by a second can involve chaos and total destruction. There is no room for the unknown.

Fear of the unknown is the other

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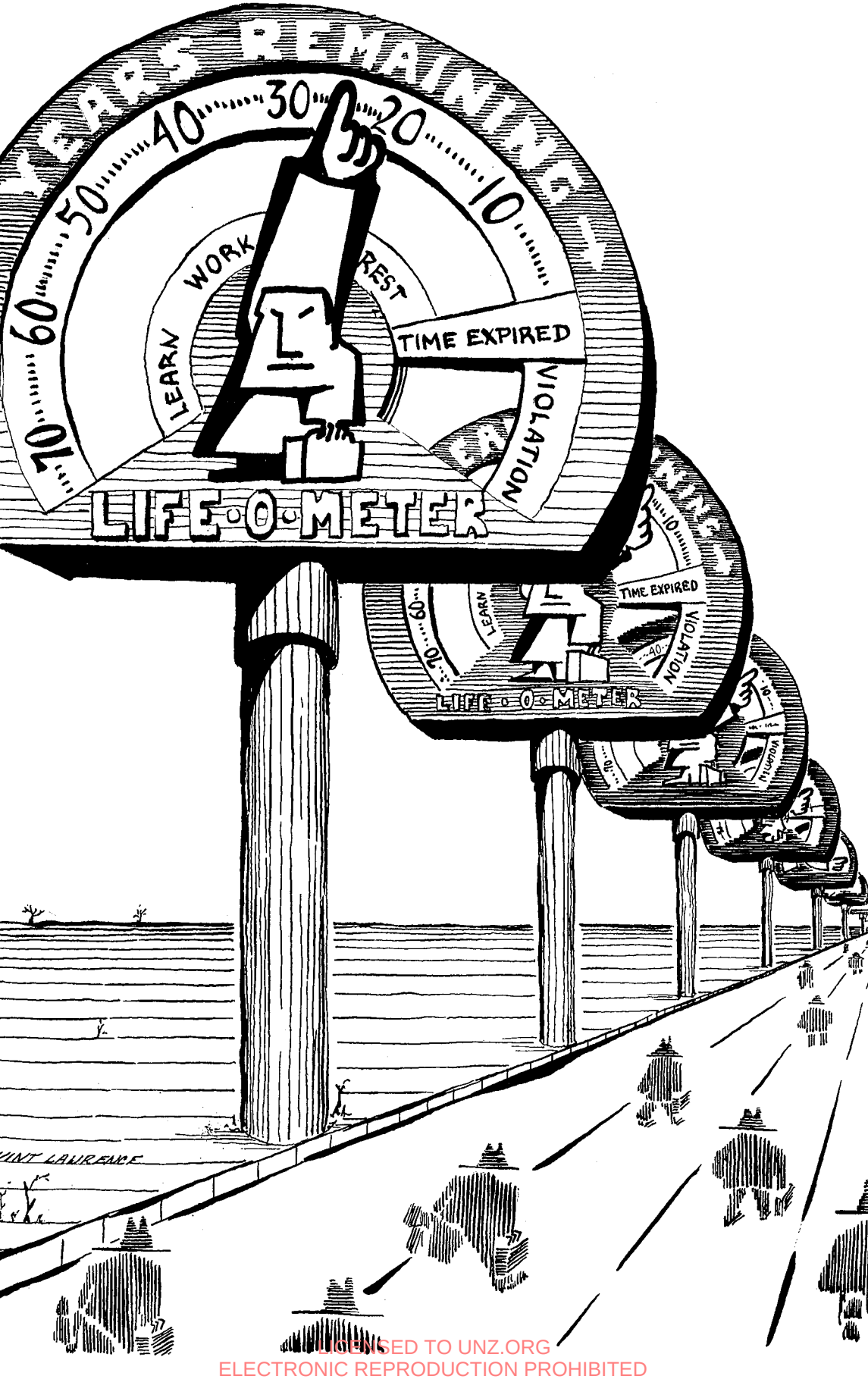

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> "A key concept of Robert Butler is that life is naturally a process of growth and regeneration from beginning to end. Instead of looking at man as a creature who, with a certain amount of fuel, is put on a course which he runs as far and as fast as the fuel will take him before he burns out—a point usually considered to occur at about 65—he suggests that people are regenerative, that they go through periods of tremendous creativity and effectiveness and then need time for renewal."

aspect of our relationship to time. The sure digital interpretation has little to do with the human experience of time which is elastic, elusive, and unnegotiably final—a subjective experience, emotionally charged and unpredictable, against which mathematics is useless. Above all, time for people is change. But as far as we are concerned with human change through time, after childhood all our efforts are toward arresting it and beyond that ignoring it. Time, as we really experience it, panics us. We prefer to picture life as a smoothly moving belt on which the subject sits still, passing like a ghost through walls from stage to stage, as opposed to a cycle of active change and renewal.

We have locked the natural process into three prison-like time stages—Education, Job, and Retirement. The stages are in a frozen order, and when a person moves from one to another he changes activities, manner, and costume (levis, suit, brightly colored sports shirt). As he transfers, the entrance clangs shut irrevocably behind him just as the exit is firmly locked at the other end. He thinks of himself differently than he did before, as does the world around him. Within the confines of the prison-stage his life is uniform. He may move up in his firm, as he did in college, but otherwise there is no change except for the imperceptible motion of the moving belt. Time—living time—is unacknowledged. There is nothing in the program which allows for slowly evolving changes, for renewal and reorientation, or for continued growth—a misunderstanding of the life cycle which seems to be derived from the insect world where the beast changes from larva to pupa to moth with little transcending consciousness carried by the traveling soul from one form to another.

At first glance the arrangement seems to be a refinement of an age-old pattern formed in response to the exigencies of life. People learn when they are young so that they can work in their prime when they have the most to contribute and the greatest responsibility to shoulder. On becoming old, and consequently less adept, they get an open-ended vacation in reward for their hard work and to alleviate the miseries of being old.

But on closer inspection the pattern seems to have become a tyrannical ritual without substance, dissociated from objective necessities and human needs. Rather than a product of basic economic facts, the way of life seems to be forged by the pervasive modern myth "Security." Security, the false notion of security we have created, is related to the concept of total control outside of which lies catastrophe and the concomitant fear of the uncontrollable. The concept works for space operations, but it does not do well by people. It is responsible for our constricting, uneasy life pattern and, by extension, for our time-panic, which ultimately must be related to a morbid, unaired fear of death. We have thought of security as the fruit of prosperity, but to prosper means to thrive, to flourish. Even a casual look at the lives dedicated to the precepts of Security reveals that while industry may be thriving, people are not; that while bank accounts may look good and futures seem provided for, inner sureness, ease, and fullness are singularly lacking.

Two blatant instances in which the

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life program violates needs, also with the result of simple economic waste, are, first, the old person who finds retirement an empty, unwanted "bonus" and who would much rather be engaged in work and, second, the college student who is not really concentrating on course work but on a kind of growing-up and experimentation which could be carried on much more effectively outside the campus sanctuary where he is only wasting his time, not to mention his teachers'. The former has experience and desire—invaluable assets—which are left to wither on the assumption that he is probably less competent than younger workers. The latter isn't encouraged to leave the campus because that would break down the secure, contained program which purportedly separates a useful, purposeful life from a chaotic aimless one. And he doesn't leave of his own accord because he knows that once you are in the job stage there is no retreat. The phenomenon of ridiculously drawn-out educations is caused in large part by fear of "life-traps": it's a way of buying time against making a decision which will bind you for the rest of your life—a way of avoiding, temporarily at least, one prison cell by dawdling in the equally confining one before it.

One can counter both of these examples by pointing out that older people, however eager, are statistically less competent than they were when younger, and that young people can learn faster and should do so as soon as possible so as to be integrated into the work force in a capacity in which they will make a sustained contribution. But the underlying questions posed here are: why are older people statistically less competent—is it just because they are old or perhaps because that "sustained contribution" without respite has drained them? Is it true that education is best accomplished in a lump and that the classroom is where the young learn best? Why is the middle-aged man less qualified for jobs which require imagination and flexibility? Is it maybe because the sustained contribution has already taken its toll on his flexibility and vision, a condition which might well be remedied by a sojourn in that classroom which is being forced on his unwilling son, or a stretch of that leisure which for his father is empty and oppressive?

Robert Butler, practicing psychiatrist and gerontologist, has introduced a more flexible interpretation of life cycle. A key Butler concept is that life is naturally a process of growth and regeneration from beginning to end. In his view the life program thwarts this natural process with its rigid segregation of functions which should instead be integrated, so that work, learning, and rest would be spread throughout the life span. Instead of looking at man as a creature who, with a certain amount of fuel, is put on a course which he runs as far and as fast as the fuel will take him before he runs out—a point usually considered to occur at about 65—he suggests that people are regenerative, that they go through periods of tremendous creativity and effectiveness and then need time for renewal, to sit back and think about their work, to expand and enrich their knowledge, or simply to rest and recharge their energies. The periods of fruition are as likely to occur in old age as in middle age, and the need for education can be as urgent at 50 as at 20. Further, Dr. Butler extends this notion of regenerativity beyond the occupational to the interior life and suggests that the vital psychic growth and change does not end with pre-adulthood. Against the concept of identity, he puts forward the dangers of excessive identity —the state people reach where they can't even imagine changing but are constricted by the role they cut out for themselves years ago, which, rather than a living mature sense of self, is a dead, inflexible idea of what he is like.

Middle age is the Bastille of the life program. Flanked by the more ephem-

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> "There is a crisis of middle age which many people seem to go through and which I have come to think of as the gray meanies. I suspect it hits hardest at people who have thought of themselves as eternally young, allowing that gap to grow between their idea of themselves and their real selves, or who have always looked to the future for the period when they would really 'start living.' "

eral periods of youth and age, the middle years stand out, the shank of life, made with the solid, regular material of hard work, responsibility, and steadiness. Enter a middle-class, middle-aged man: he is much too easy to imagine. As a fictional character he stirs little interest. As a dinner partner he is at best unexceptional. As a potential worker in a new job he is far less appealing than the bright-eyed youth behind him. His energies, his personality, and his motivations seem strangely neutral. He is almost an abstraction. Having worked at his job for 20 years he looks forward to 20 more of the same, if there is any change in his life it is the narrowing of expectations.

It's an axiom of our culture that as a person becomes older his capacity for growth diminishes. Underlying this axiom is the less explicit assumption that this is a good thing, because after a certain point growth and change are counter-productive.

So people are encouraged to stay in the same job by pension plans and seniority systems, and actively discouraged from leaving by the knowledge that with age their desirability elsewhere diminishes. Yet it seems self-evident that after working incessantly for 10 years at the same job a person's enthusiasm would become stale, his imagination stagnant, and that the only way to counteract this process of diminishing returns would be to take a long breather involving education or rest and possibly a decision to change fields or at least direction. But the way it is, as a person gets older—and the need for a break more urgent—the constrictions become only more rigid and intertwined until by 50 the only way to escape them is to overthrow everything, the family he can't support without a job, and the job he can't leave without incurring financial ruin.

Thousands of middle-aged men literally disappear every year. They just don't come home one night, just don't turn up at work one morning. Many others, who stay within the traces, become addicted to drugs or alcohol, as a slow rigor mortis of the imagination, emotions, and intellect sets in. Finally the strain exacts its price in the form of a premature heart attack, or, when a person is at last released from the regime to sudden retirement, spent and lost, he sinks into depression and senility in his brightly colored sports shirt. So what really is going on inside that sober gray figure in conservative dress? Does he match the strict order of his life with inner consent, or is he a victim of whom the demands of the life program are taking a terrible toll?

There is a crisis of middle age which many people seem to go through and which I have come to think of as the gray meanies. It can happen anywhere between 30 and 60 and is often marked by bitterness, alcohol, disappearances (final or temporary), self-destructive behavior, infidelity, angry outbursts, nihilism, and a kind of hysterical, inarticulate anguish. Some cases are more colorful than others, some are hardly noticeable but they seem to have a common base recognizable in very different people. I suspect it hits hardest at people who have thought of themselves as eternally young, who have not kept in touch with themselves, allowing that gap to grow between their idea of themselves and their real selves, or who have always looked to the future for the period when they would really "start living." The indications are that the crisis is in many aspects a time crisis brought on by the

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revelation that the years have surreptitiously passed, and with them youth, and that the future is no longer a land of hope and promise but holds only monotony, decline, and then old age.

Butler describes the struggle of middle age as one of fidelity—not just marital but to society, profession and self—of adjustment to the process of aging without a sense of closure or fatalism, reorganization of values and commitments, and "stockholding" of the past and self. Whatever the endeavor is, it can be extremely violent, leaving broken marriages, disrupted careers, and wrecked lives in its wake.

It's not surprising that people who have worked for years without a break would begin to find their work a meaningless routine. It's particularly not surprising if a major function of that work has been making money, and more and more of it at the expense of interior needs and doing what you like. Money is one of the chief bugaboos of middle age, the agent through which the false god security extracts its stringent demands. Many of the middle-aged people laid off from high-paying jobs in the current recession reported instead of despair a sense of a new lease on life, an opening of possibilities they never imagined when plodding along in their $30,000-a-year routine. With their income forcibly reduced they realized that it wasn't essential, in fact without it they felt liberated to pursue less lucrative interests they had always cherished. The fact is one can live quite happily on very little if you're doing what you want.

Institutions perpetrate and exploit the money bugaboo. They offer an all-encompassing financial security in return for faithfulness. Because the "security" is so all-encompassing, the prospect of being without it is all the more threatening; individual ingenuity and a sense of self-sufficiency in the big bad world wither from disuse. And from within this coddling realm of surety it seems that outside can lie only a disaster-fraught, gypsy-like existence. The deception is self-propagating, and in the end creates a reality; the person does lose his powers of self-sufficiency, and does face disaster if he leaves the protective walls. None of this is particularly apparent at the outset. A young person gets a big bang out of taking a well-paying white-collar job with a large and important company, thinks to himself "I'm making it," and sees his job as a boost to a position of importance which holds immense possibilities. He sees himself in the saddle. It's only later, much later, when the exits have all been quietly sealed off, that it becomes apparent that the saddle is really a harness, and worse, that his head is set on a completely predictable route which promises no variation from the one he has been on all along.

I remember filling out an employee form for a job I had no intention of staying in but no immediate intention of leaving. There it all was: increasing benefits with years of service, insurance against every kind of contingency imaginable, and, the biggest shock of all, the retirement plan. My reaction was instant if fleeting hysteria.

Then, having reassured myself that of course none of this applied to me since my vast future couldn't possibly be contained within such a trivial description, I cavalierly dismissed my reaction and completed the form. But that momentary panic gave a faint taste of what it must be like to realize at 50, when you have no vast, infinitely unknowable future to refer to, that the rest of your working life is sewed up in an institution, that it stretches out before you, a well-mapped road exactly as it stretches behind you, and then abruptly ends. The finality not only of the end but, worse, of knowing exactly what you will be doing, excluding all other possibilities, excluding surprise and chance and inspiration, must be terrifying. A person seeing his life in these terms must also see that in relation to

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"Certain measures would have to be taken to really dynamite the life traps. The critical change would have to be on the mercurial level of understanding and values. Money and the things money buys should be made to serve people, freeing them rather than tyrannizing them. These of course are changes in people rather than money. A more malleable form of life pattern should become the norm rather than the exception, allowing people to maintain their resiliency and lead their lives according to some other principle than the devastating and incorrect assumption that they have to work at the same thing until they drop or else the world will stop going around."

the institution his life is neither precious nor unique but a transient and replaceable contribution of limited usefulness absorbed with hardly any notice. The only antidote to that chilling realization would be an active engagement in and love for the work itself, independent of the company. But institutions tend to regulate and regiment work in such a way that individual desire and active participation are unnecessary. A person does not need to will to do his work; it's far easier to passively acquiesce as it comes along. So when that moment of truth arrives, the desperately needed sense of self-determination has probably been long abandoned, and the fail-safe way of life in the institution materializes in its true nature as a fail-safe prison—the disasterous vision of a set course with a set end.

Security is obviously a real need up to a point, but only up to a point, beyond which it breeds insecurity. When I lock my door, however reasonable a precaution that may be, I also psychologically lock myself in, ever so slightly, so that when I unlock it to go out I have to overcome a tiny barrier of fear which prompted me to lock it in the first place. Then, if I put police locks and chains and bars on my door that barrier increases, diminishing my freedom and sense of security in going out. Obviously you have to lock your door in the city, but the point is that after a certain degree of locking, the security itself becomes a kind of fear-inspiring tyranny. For instance, people who live in those paranoiac communities, walled in with barbed wire and armed guards, must feel terrified beyond all reason when they venture unprotected into the outside world. In the same way someone who has locked out disaster with every kind of insurance and pension plan would be horrified at the idea of giving them up. It would seem to him that he was opening the door to certain disaster, which the security measures, having taken on a power of their own, have convinced him has been prowling greedily outside all along.

The world is full of dangers but a lot of them are grossly overestimated. It's true that a 50-year-old corporation man stands in almost certain danger of a huge cut in income if, to take an extreme example, he goes off and starts that crazy little newspaper he has always wanted to launch. There is even a danger that the newspaper will flop and he will be left without recourse. That is certainly a risk to be weighed, but against it must be placed the risk to himself if staying in his job means despair and stifling. His family features heavily in the consideration. But is his chief value to his family the dollar he brings in the door, even if the dollar is brought by a self-renounced zombie? And isn't "without recourse" a rather extreme way of putting it? Isak Dinesen wrote about an instance in which she and a friend drove off some ravaging lions with whips when they could have done it far more safely with guns, remarking that if we can't risk our lives what good are they. That's crazy. But we've all run into people who, if they could have been informed of the risks in-

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volved in living, even in the womb, would have decided with a shudder against being born.

This brings women into the picture—not Isak Dinesen, but the wife of the self-renounced zombie with the dollar in his hand. Up to now I haven't mentioned women, because the problem of white-collar job-traps is, for obvious reasons, a predominantly male problem. But the average woman today is 35 by the time her youngest child is in school. Two-thirds of her adult life lies before her, yet in getting work she faces much heavier discrimination than an 18-year-old girl. She's not locked in, she's locked out. Worse, her self-esteem, her identity, is heavily dependent on the dollar her husband brings in the door—it has given her at least money/status, and for this reason she becomes one of the major forces holding him to his job. She's not about to take a cut in income because money/status, however empty, is all she has, the only advantage to the syndrome which has kept her like a piece of property in the house. So when middle-aged men do decide to throw over the traces, their escape often involves leaving their wives as well, because marriage has become only an extension of the stifling prison world to which they have awakened. The wife, left behind in the ruins, is really without resource. She has never been allowed to help herself or to build her own life, and little desire or energy to do so has survived to tap now. In short, a better world for women, and a better relationship between men and women, would go a long way towards breaking down life traps, toward enabling people to do real things and be real live people rather than miserable drones best described as their salaries, or clutching harpies best described as their mink coats, jewelry, and fancy hairdos.

Certain measures would have to be taken to really dynamite the life traps. Measures such as a guaranteed minimum income should be enacted to insure against disasters brought on by the failure of crazy little newspapers and other acts of God. But the critical change would have to be on the more mercurial level of understanding and values. Money and the things money buys should be made to serve people, freeing them rather than tyrannizing them. Security should be reevaluated as inner balance before bank balance. These of course are changes in people rather than money. A more malleable form of life pattern—Butler's suggestion—should become the norm rather than the exception, allowing people to maintain their resiliency and lead their lives according to some other principle than the devastating and incorrect assumption that they have to work at the same thing until they drop or else the world will stop going around. That just isn't true.

Among other things, this magazine is concerned with finding out what goes wrong in the "system"; and over and over again it boils down to cowardice where courage was needed, people entrenched in their bureaucracies, afraid to risk their security for the very purpose they supposedly hold their jobs. There are always going to be dull, timid people in the world, but if our way of life were rearranged on a basis which emphasized the values of engagement, growth, and renewal over security, then at least people would no longer be put through a common mill which wears them down in a predictable way, actually developing those qualities. Middle-aged people are not naturally ossified or cowardly. And growth and change are not counter-productive.

None of these ideas, were they to be fully realized, would eliminate the problems of life. People would continue to struggle with the certainty of death, continue to be hurt and thwarted, and probably continue to find themselves trapped, too. It would be an extraordinarily superficial interpretation of the human condition indeed to state that the problems of existence could be cleared up by a

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rearrangement of the schedule. But it's the rearrangement of values which is most important here, the revolution in the heart, a new way of perceiving life. A more open relationship with time, a sense of life as a self-renewing process and an acceptance of that process—the act of faith needed to accept it and engage in it—were once the legacy of religion. But we have perverted religion so that "being good" means going to school, getting a job, working hard and making lots of money, and dropping dead, hopefully before you know what's hit you.

All these changes are possible only in a period of affluence—tomorrow everybody might have to go out and sell apples—but affluence itself has been a major contributor to the problem. The state of mind of a man hoeing a furrow as he has always done is probably a lot better than that of a man in a glass office staring at the millionth tax problem of a high-paying client. Necessity can make life very simple. But affluence isn't bad in itself; affluence makes possible more human, fulfilling lives—just as long as it's clear that it's the lives that are important, not the affluence itself.

At the bottom of the riddle of life traps is fear of death—a non-acceptance of life and resistance to time. We segregate old people from view and have made the rituals of death so cosmetic and the rituals of mourning so trivial that it is impossible to grasp the reality. Thus sheltered like the person with elaborate locks on his door, our fear has become so great that we can't bear to even think about it. The pathology is starkly apparent in our attitude toward the old, but in a peculiar way more startling in the American attitude toward youth.

The glittering extravagant youth culture stands out like a bonfire against the murky backdrop of American middle age. There is little connection betwen the two on the surface, except perhaps that the backdrop serves as a contrast. It's a question of "them and us," usually defined as the celebrated "generation gap." The youth culture has both a strong self-image and a dominating public image.

It's not the ideas that happen to be held by a great many young people—as well as older—that I'm concerned with here but the exclusive obsession with youth. It is one of the more outstanding instances of segregated, frozen life stages.

There is something morbid about an unleavened worship of youth—something pulpy and weak, but also heavy with self-defeat and doom. The popular youth culture at first seemed to be an irresistible revel, a bursting free of the dampers of the bourgeois fifties, affirming life and peace. But as it escalated, the drive toward blow-out began to dominate—the longing for the ecstatic, out-of-control state, seen as a kind of intense living, total experience—and on the other side of the coin, listlessness. The cult for many became more a symbol of disaffection and escape than of affirmation; and violence, despair, and premature death emerged as a steady ground beat.

I went to "Monterey Pop" recently. As I was buying my ticket a couple wandered in and asked skeptically who was in the movie. "Janis Jopin and Jimi Hendrix," said the ticket seller, omitting the rest of the star-studded cast. "Oh, great," said the couple and slammed down their money. Inside, the ingenuous narcissism of the movie was astounding—it was indeed that blithe springtime picture we had of ourselves only three years ago. But it was impossible to watch it without the later images coming to mind: Manson, Altamont, Connecticut teenage girls dead of overdoses in East Village basements, and then Joplin and Hendrix. It was all there, though nobody at Monterey knew it. But the latter day audience in the theater did know it. They were not hard-core freaks but people from the vast perimeter, college types and ordinary teenagers— people who probably smoked grass occasionally, went

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on peace marches, and no more, yet who felt that compelling sense of identification with the more extreme world at the center. The audience was silent, as at any movie, except in two instances. When Janis Joplin came on they hurrahed and clapped wildly. And when Jimi Hendrix appeared and did his finality, his blow-all-the-gaskets act, not only smashing his guitar but also pouring kerosene on it and setting it on fire, the audience went mad with cheers and whoops of laughter. The performances by Joplin and Hendrix were not so clearly superior to the rest of the musicians to warrant this special response from the audience. They responded because both performers gave blow-out acts, and both were dead. Their deaths seemed to be the natural consummation of their performances.

Many jazz musicians died early of drugs and general excess, but their dying was never significant beyond the bounds of their own lives. Masses of people didn't identify with their deaths or see them as a kind of culmination. But people who didn't even particularly like Hendrix's or Joplin's music felt in a strange way almost part of their deaths, a catharsis, participation in a myth. It was almost as if their dying made their music and the whole culture around it "more real." (It certainly made it more heady.) The experience in the theater superimposed on the frolic tone of the movie left me with a milder version of the feeling described by people who were at Altamont—nausea and a sense of helpless fear.

This is not a cautionary tale. I'm not trying to say everybody should get haircuts and go back to Levittown, or that rock music by nature is death-oriented, or that drugs are evil. My point is that there is a morbid preoccupation with death implicit in the youth cult which is becoming more and more explicit. This isn't new; there has always been a youth cult in America and with it, at least in this century, a preoccupation with death—violent, youthful death as opposed to death from a natural old age. The current popular culture merely provides an especially vivid example.

There are undoubtedly many reasons for this, but among them, I think, is a fear of old age and a resistance to the process of life. Because of the image of youth cutting ahead, a vanguard into the wilderness of time, to be old seems, and quite often is, to be left behind. That other motion, that other time which is cyclical, the time of natural processes, is forgotten in the frenzy of the forward-driving, linear time. In this context, unnatural premature death is glorious, far preferable to the horrible prospect of running out of steam and falling by the wayside. He who dies young is in a sense immortally youthful. Jimi Hendrix will never be old. Neither will F. Scott Fitzgerald nor Jimmy Dean nor John Kennedy.

The picture of our attitude toward the life cycle and death is completed by our attitude toward the old. First, we treat them as a group apart, call them Senior Citizens, portray them as cute and childlike, and set up retirement villages which more closely resemble a playland than a haven for adults. But on the other hand, we are convinced that their lot is gruesome, and we no more want to have them around than we do lepers. Butler points out, for instance, that "the major portion of gerontological research in the country has been concerned almost enthusiastically with decline in various cognitive, perceptual, and psycho-motor responses" and that this attitude has been in large part fostered by the fact that most studies of old people have focused on the institutionalized—the sick, the crazy, and the cast-off. In a way I see this a purging process, just as dwelling on the monstrous conditions of slum life, feeling horrified, makes some people feel that they have offered their tithe and can go on their way with a light heart. In another sense this approach is just another expression of the morbidity which charac-

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terizes our concept of old age.

There are two issues here. One is that many old people confirm our preconceptions: they are bored, boring, semi-senile, and patently miserable. But, like the ossified middle-aged man, how much are these qualities due to the conditions to which we have relegated them. They have been cast out of the stream of life and abandoned to involuntary leisure for which they have had little preparation, since for the past 50 years they have been in the grind. The second issue is how much of our preconception is myth. Since most pertinent studies have been of institutionalized aged, we don't really know very much about what it is like to be healthy and old. We don't distinguish between the effects of the natural process of aging and the effects of mental and physical disease not necessarily associated with aging.

Butler has made a point of studying the healthy old. He confirms that there are a lot of tough aspects to growing old, but he distinguishes the causes. What appeared to be senility in many of his patients, for instance, was actually depression brought on by something like the death of a spouse. After the depression was worked out, the patients were as sharp and articulate as ever. Grief, after all, like disease, is not exclusively the legacy of the old, who can deal with it in as healthy and constructive a manner as anyone else. Reminiscing, commonly put down as "living in the past," in Butler's view is an urgent psychic effort to integrate conflicts and guilt never solved during life and establish a sense of continuity. Most interesting, fear of death was not a major problem—the researchers on the project turned out to be far more squeamish than the patients. Those who did have problems with death either had refused to acknowledge their age, having always thought of themselves as eternally young, or felt their lives had been useless or destructive. But otherwise death wasn't the major concern. Many accepted it with tranquillity. These are desultory examples drawn from a rudimentary study, but they indicate how vital this sort of information is.

We need to know, not just so we can understand and help old people, but so we can understand ourselves and our life as a whole. We need to be educated about the life cycle in a realistic way, need to know, in Butler's words, "how people live their lives, how they change in the course of time, and how they die," because that's what we are doing. We know less about it than people in other perhaps more "primitive" cultures because we have so successfully segregated ourselves according to age, and have especially sealed ourselves off from the old, who are no longer incorporated into everyday life. People die in hospitals. The only death we are exposed to is violent death on highways, in wars, and on city streets.

Butler feels that mobility, social and geographic, is one of the chief causes of our one-dimensional view of youth and age. "Go West, Young Man," says the American seer, and he does, leaving behind parents and grandparents, and with them a sense of continuity. His youth is his greatest asset, enabling him to "go beyond" the limitations of the past, cutting like a bright light into the dark. He does not look at his grandfather and think, "There am I," because he is sure he is going somewhere else. In American literature of this century, both the writers from the South, which is more tradition-oriented and less frenetically mobile, and Jewish writers, who also grew up in a world which nurtured family bonds and tradition, have incorporated in their work a strong sense of the whole of life. I think of Faulkner, Warren, Bellow, and Malamud. Their characters are of all ages and family, the interaction of generations and the changing man are dominant themes. Yankee literature, on the other hand, is marked by meteoric youthfulness. I'm thinking of Fitzgerald and Hemingway. If their

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characters age, it's a question of testing their youth against time. They reflect the agony of the youth cult; they tend to shatter like glass against the process of aging—Dick Diver—or exit in a moment of glory—Francis MacComber.

Learning how to grow old, learning to see old age as an integral part of life, rather than a cruel punishment, something we don't want to think about because it is depressing, learning how to grow old *well*, is maybe the most important step toward a reconciliation with the life cycle. Horror of growing old is certainly a critical factor behind the precipitous youth cult and the middle-age panic—a nightmare looming in the subconscious and in the future as well, which we are afraid to look at for fear the fright will turn us to stone.

Orientation toward youth is natural in a developing culture, just as knowing how to live, a reconciliation with the forces of life, is the signature of older cultures. America is still comparatively young, yet not so young any more that she can thrive exclusively on shooting ahead into the future. The image of the great surge forward and upward has turned sour, and two other images, nuclear holocaust and disintegration of the social fabric, have begun to dominate our corporate imagination.

When man was about to go to the moon, I thought that the event would be another great breakthrough, not only in technological terms, but for the imagination, the way Copernicus and Galileo revolutionized man's way of thinking about himself and his surroundings, at once diminishing his sense of importance and centrality in the universe and extending his awareness outward. Despite the chauvinism implicit in the effort, and the objectionable cost, I thought that somehow when a man had stood on another body in the universe it would again change our self-image and engender a concrete awareness of the physicalness and accessibility of the universe, creating a sense of power and expansiveness. But exactly the opposite happened. The moon was a desert, as barren and unyielding as a diamond, and suddenly the universe became a vacuous, cold place studded with hard lights. The draw on the imagination was not outward but inward. The most hypnotic revelation was not brought about by anything found on the moon, which turned out to be singularly uninteresting, but by seeing the earth completely round, warm, and alone. All this is to say that taking a long, historical view, we have been going outward for too long and an inward reaction is due, a return to and reinforcement of the center. It's time to turn inward and develop a sense of continuity and depth, to overcome our fear of self-criticism and qualify the value of technological progress, to stop trying to conquer life—the West, Space, other people, Nature—and learn how to live with it, how to live with ourselves. ●

> "There has always been a youth cult in America and with it a preoccupation with death—violent, youthful death as opposed to death from natural old age. There are many reasons for this and among them is fear of old age and resistance to the process of life. To be old seems, and quite often is, to be left behind.
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Memo of the Month

VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS BENEFITS
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20420

August 21, 1970

LTR. 20-70-16

TO: Directors
All VA Regional Offices and Centers

SUBJ: Use of Full Title Instead of Abbreviations in Correspondence

1. We have been informed by the Director, Rehabilitation Commission, The American Legion, that a resolution will be considered at the 1970 American Legion National Convention requesting that steps be taken to eliminate the abbreviation of "AL" on letters sent to claimants and use instead the full title of "The American Legion."

2. In explanation of this resolution, it is contended that the average claimant does not understand the meaning of the symbol "AL." It was stated that claimants have even written to the VA expressing appreciation to "AL" for his assistance in their behalf.

3. Please discuss this matter with The American Legion representatives located at your station. If you find a problem, action should be taken to develop a mutually acceptable and meaningful abbreviation such as Am. Leg. This would include the copy notation on the flexowriter prepared award letters.

4. After you have talked to The American Legion representatives, please advise your Area Field Director (231) of your findings.

/s/ OLNEY B. OWEN
Chief Benefits Director

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Ecology Denied: The Unmaking of a Majority

by William H. Rodgers, Jr.

Although the tin can has been immortalized by Andy Warhol and idolized as a sign of modernity by the less-developed countries, it has come under violent assault from environmentalists now that the latest threat to mankind has been located in the sewers and waterways and garbage cans of America. The can has been defended in this new conflict by the patrons of private enterprise, notably those specializing in its production, who point to their handiwork as a shining example of progress and scold the environmentalists for insulting their containers even after they have been laid to rest in the refuse pile.

On November 3, 1970, one such battle between the can people and the earth people ended with the can people on top of the heap. By a narrow two per cent margin, the voters of Washington state rejected Initiative 256, which would have required a deposit of at least five cents on all containers for beer and soft drinks. The idea was to eliminate throwaways by placing a high bounty on the return of cans and bottles.

William Rodgers teaches law at the University of Washington. He was a draftsman of Initiative 256.

Initiative 256 grew out of an academic project during the spring of 1970 conducted by its sponsor and chief organizer, Dr. Robert Keller of Fairhaven College, Bellingham, Washington. Petitions began circulating in late April, and by July the proposal had garnered a record 188,102 signatures—nearly twice the number required to secure a place on the ballot. In late July, State Republican chairman Gummy Johnson advised a gathering of prospective candidates for the legislature that polls disclosed overwhelming support for the measure. A private poll taken in August for the beverage industry reportedly found that 80 per cent of the voters were backing the issue, a figure that held firm until about three weeks before the election. Professionals and amateurs alike consistently called the Initiative a winner. And it was—until the container industry went to work to save non-returnables. The remarkable assortment of tactics used by the industry groups illustrates the obstacles facing any proposal on the environment. For in defeating Initiative 256, special interests beat back a mild measure aimed at a problem of almost universal public recognition.

The pro-can corporations began to

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mobilize in Washington state as early as 1969, in response to a resolution of the Washington state legislature calling for an interim committee to report on the litter problem. Always anxious to get in at the ground floor, the brewers and soft-drink producers, bottlers and can manufacturers, steel and aluminum companies, among other stalwarts, joined in a group calling itself Industry for a Quality Environment to work with the interim committee. Out of these efforts evolved a piece of proposed legislation known as the Model Litter Control Act, which no doubt will be urged upon legislators throughout the land.

The central features of the Model appeared on April 25, 1970, at about the time the 256 movement was getting under way. "We have determined from the beginning that half-way measures were not acceptable." declared the industry group, which then spelled out a ludicrous series of half-way measures, including proposals for anti-litter messages on containers, a requirement that vehicles operating in the state carry litter bags and that commercial firms catering to the public use state-approved litter barrels. A modest revision of the state's criminal fining system for litter violations was put forth, and "a request [was made] of industry to coordinate its various anti-litter information and education programs with the Department of Ecology." A cool response from a legislative committee, not itself known to be fiercely protective of the environment, sent the industry group back to the drawing boards to invent new flourishes for the awesome model. A band of 40 "ecology patrolmen" was prescribed to scour the state with the power to issue citations and arrest the callous litterer. And after a great deal of soul-searching, the group also agreed to meet funding objections with the imposition of an annual litter assessment of .015 per cent of the gross sales of products thought to contribute to the litter piles. The industry proposals defined the pollution problem as one of locating the trash neatly rather than one of reducing the amount of non-degradable trash spewed out into the environment and then shuffled around—more trash cans, instead of fewer bottles and cans.

Cans on the Warpath

The industry group displayed its political genius in early September by launching a massive movement to gather signatures in support of its Model Litter Control Act—undaunted by details like the fact that the Model could not make the ballot in time to compete directly with 256. Promoters of the Model offered visions of national prominence to the backers of Initiative 256 if they would assume a leadership role in the pro-Model campaign, with the understanding, of course, that they would drop their dangerous and futile 256 proposal.

When such seduction failed, the industry campaign really began, centered in the supermarkets and supported by massive spending through a group called the Washington Committee to Stop Litter, a spin-off of the pro-can Industry for a Quality Environment. Industry spokesman conceded privately that the purpose of promoting the Model was to beat down Initiative 256 in a barrage of confusion. One talkative lobbyist for the Washington Brewers Institute even announced that the sponsors of the Model would close their offices on election day regardless of whether they had secured the necessary support for a place on the next ballot, although the deadline for gathering their signatures would extend to December 31, 1970.

This concession that industry's Model was not even dear to industry was muted throughout the early part of the campaign to avoid alienating those concerned about the environment. Campaign literature stated that the Washington Committee to Stop Litter would take no position on 256. "Some of the industry members of

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the Committee, however, are hopeful that the people of Washington will come to recognize the Model Litter Control Act as a better way to attack the litter problem than the deposit-refund proposal of Initiative 256." One syrupy form letter, distributed to various groups by executives of American Can Company and Continental Can Company, expressed concern about an "extremely awkward situation" created by 256 and urged friends to vote against the measure and to join in support of the Model. A "separate" entity—Citizens Committee Against 256—sprang up to defeat the deposit initiative. Signatories to the Citizens Committee's paid advertisements were exclusively labor representatives—the Glass Bottle Blowers Association, the Retail Clerks, the Mineworkers, and the Machinists, but the money came from big business.

Before long, distinguishing between the pro-Model and anti-256 campaigns was impossible. The Seattle public relations firm promoting the Model also handled the publicity for the Citizens Committee Against 256. "Put the Nix on 256," declared literature also boosting the Model. Billboards appeared acclaiming the Model while denouncing 256. The campaign, strategically situated and well financed as it was, had clear sailing in early weeks under the anti-litter banner and was slowed only slightly by an ineffectual citizen counter-attack pointing out the deception.

The amateur backers of Initiative 256 did try to point out the hypocrisy in the advertisements of major soft-drink producers and can manufacturers. They quoted industry sources in their allotted statement about the Initiative appearing in the Official Voter's Pamphlet, which is distributed to every registered voter in Washington state. "Pepsi costs less in returnable bottles" was taken from the Pepsi billboard. Supporters of 256 also summoned up Coca-Cola's Earth Day message: "The returnable Coca-Cola bottle is... durable, practical, and very economical because it can make as many as 50 round trips in its useful life. The returnable bottle is ecologically sound as well." And Ellison L. Hazard was quoted as saying, "We are convinced that the best answer to solid waste is recycling—finding a way to use the material again." Hazard is president of Continental Can, a prominent name in non-returnable refuse.

The beverage industry was highly incensed that its advertisements were being quoted in favor of 256, a measure that it so vigorously opposed. So much embarrassment was created by these reminders in the Voter's Pamphlet that opponents of Initiative 256 found it necessary to impeach the integrity of the people who took advantage of those public-spirited advertisements. "Deliberate Fraud in Voter's Pamphlet," blared radio and newspaper ads, pointing out what was hardly a mystery—that the companies quoted in the statement for 256 actually opposed the measure. Fred W. Dixon, president of Coca-Cola, sanctimoniously requested the Secretary of State to issue a statement "clarifying" his company's position. Ellison Hazard protested that his words about re-cycling had been "used to deceive the voting public and weaken the democratic process." Donald Kendall, president of Pepsico, Inc., was deeply concerned that "voters will be misled into believing that Pepsi Cola is supporting... Initiative 256" by being reminded that Pepsi costs less in returnable bottles. (Hazard and Kendall are now serving with distinction on the President's National Industrial Pollution Control Council.) And the Citizens Committee Against 256 said the sponsors of the measure were "guilty of malicious and contemptible deception."

This effort to discredit the backers of 256 was logically unproductive, as the Secretary of State brushed off the suggestion that he should edit or "clarify" materials going into the Voter's Pamphlet—pointing out that in standard political debate it is "not unusual" for sponsors to quote their

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opponents. Nevertheless, the charges were repeated often enough and loudly enough in the media to be a valuable publicity device—helping portray both sides of the campaign as self-interested brawlers, a position hitherto reserved for the industry promoters of the Model.

The Threat of Cleanliness

Having scored with charges of fraud, the Citizens Committee Against 256 and the Washington Committee to Stop Litter began to drive home their points. They insisted that people would never bring back returnable containers, whatever the reward. The approach of Initiative 256 was therefore proclaimed useless. The proclamation ignored the proliferating redemption programs in many parts of the country, conducted by Reynolds, Alcoa, American Can, and the Glass Containers Manufacturers Institute, among others. The industry charge that deposits do not work clashed against the Reynolds ad, "It's Working," that goes on to describe the success of a Los Angeles campaign in which over one million aluminum cans per month were returned by the public in response to a bounty offer of only one-half per cent per can.

Given the spectacular success of bring-it-back programs across the country, one might expect that opponents of Initiative 256 would have a hard time convincing the public that mandatory deposits would have no effect on can and bottle pollution. The beverage industry, however, cited the intractable housewife and consumer demand for easy disposal—in effective public relations drive to belittle the backbone of the Initiative as compared with the Model. The deposits would have no impact, they argued. And, in a virtuoso performance, they simultaneously claimed that Initiative 256 would be so explosive as to devastate the economy of Washington state.

One basis for predictions of economic chaos was a study paid for by the Washington Brewers Institute, which concluded with some alarming projections: 600 jobs lost in the beverage container manufacturing industries, another 1,100 jobs lost in supporting industries, lost wages and salaries of $12 million, a decline in sales of an estimated $55 million, and a reduction in tax revenues of over $1 million. Overlooked in these figures was the fact that the "losses" identified in the beverage industry also were money saved for consumers to be spent and taxed elsewhere within the state's economy. Unsubstantiated was the assumption that people would drink less beer and coke.

Elections are not won on such subtleties. Talk of lost jobs assured nearly unanimous labor backing in an off-year election producing a heavy vote. "How Much More Can We Take?" read the newspaper ads about unemployment and lost tax revenues superimposed on clippings reporting Boeing lay-offs. "I may lose my job" read the stickers appearing on the cash registers of supermarket checkers. "Initiative 256 a threat to our jobs" was the theme of literature stuffed into the shopping bags of every A & P customer—a surprising contention, since supermarkets also cite the high labor costs of handling returnables as a reason for their vigorous opposition to 256. The message drummed home in every conceivable manner was: 1,700 men out of work, $55 million in lost sales, and $1,140,000 in lost tax revenue.

The message to the consumer was equally bleak: "50 per cent higher prices for beer, soft drinks." 256 "will increase your grocery bill $60 annually for an average family of four." "You are already paying the garbageman to haul away your trash. . . why pay your grocer, too?" A few days before the election, stickers appeared on containers of beer and soft drink in the local supermarkets: "Deposits and handling cost will add 48 cents per six-pack under Initiative 256," a representation presumably based upon an illegal agreement to fix prices

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either among beverage manufacturers, supermarket retailers, or both. Recognizing the power of pre-teen family pressure groups, opponents even argued that powdered drinks, like Kool-Aid, could be sold only in accordance with deposit requirements. They went so far as to assert that paper cups in drive-in restaurants would need a deposit.

The campaign was also filled with many of the entreaties that marked this year's elections. Students were featured in ads declaring: "Initiative 256 is a political science project of a Bellingham College class." "Professor Keller's class project is about to add $80 million to our cost of living," added another, without explaining the obscure calculation. A vice president of Olympia Brewing Co. wrote to Attorney General Slade Gorton expressing a blunt warning to him and Governor Evans, both of whom supported the measure: "Leaders such as you—and Dan Evans—should realize that without business to pay the taxes that provide the funds for the wages of the politicians and the college professors there wouldn't be any paid government officials or paid college professors. This is very fundamental and should be constantly kept in the back of your mind."

An Uncanny Solution

Nobody yet knows how much was spent on the campaign, but a fair estimate is that the $6,000 budget used in support of the Initiative was matched on a 100-to-1 basis by industry opposition. (And the industry gives every indication that it will continue to spend money generously. On the day after the election, the Carbonated Beverage Manufacturers Association named Grey Advertising and Ruder and Finn, a public relations firm, "to help them find a solution" to the litter problem.) Television and radio spots, newspaper ads, billboards, bumper stickers, and yard signs were in abundant supply. And a plane with a "Nix on 256" streamer appeared over Huskie stadium on the Saturday before the election.

So it was that the beverage industry beat back 256. It may have been a pyrrhic victory, putting the industry in something of a bind. Their petitions for the Model Litter Control Act received enough signatures for a spot on the next election ballot; and Washington law requires that the sponsors, but not the opponents, of initiatives disclose all sources of financial support. The backers of the Model must either withdraw their measure—thereby confirming charges that it was only a ploy to defeat Initiative 256. Or they must go through with the Model—and be forced to disclose financial data which will show that the Model was bought with container industry money. (The Citizens Committee Against 256 is already being investigated for suspected violation of a law prohibiting political contributions in Washington state initiative elections by corporations with a majority ownership from outside the state.)

The earth people lost out this time, but the Washington state voter who exercised his right of selection on November 3 will have other chances to return his bottles and cans. There is strong support for another try to ban the non-returnable. Supporters of Initiative 256 are angry that their overwhelming lead in the polls was eliminated by a blitz from the special interests, but they learned a lot about politics. Their experience, and their stiffened resolve, may pay off.

In other states, at least, 17 legislatures are actively considering legislation similar to Initiative 256. Bills are pending in Congress. The Nixon Administration is weighing a legislative package that would provide incentives for the use of returnables.

The cans were obscured for the moment by the smokescreen of industry word pollution, but the smoke will clear and the cans will still be there, and as they mount up, it will be harder for industry to hide them behind confusing rhetoric. ■

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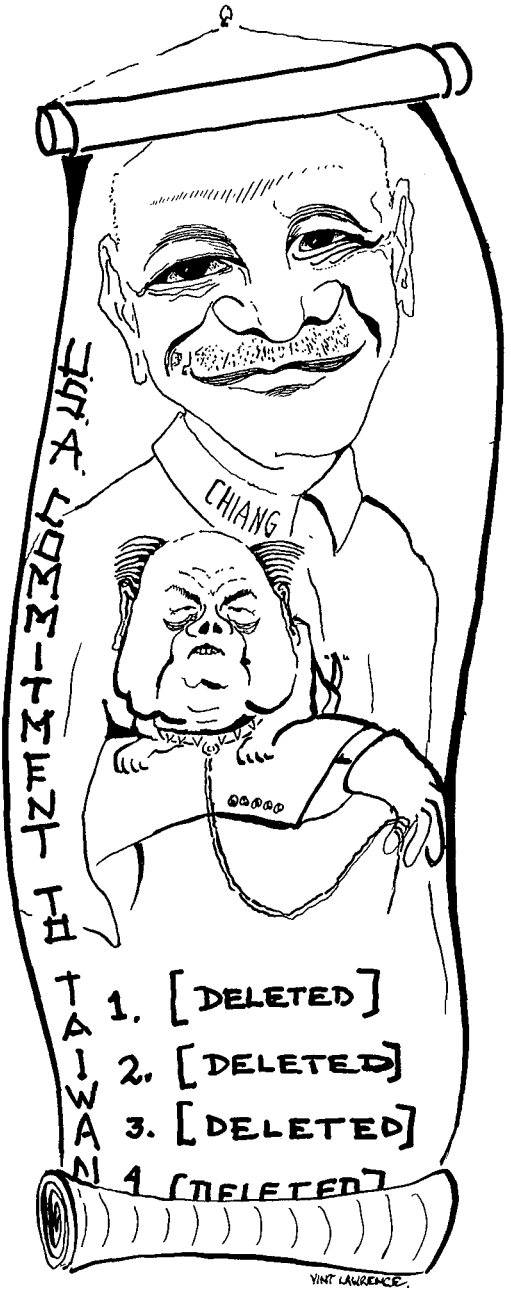
The Inscrutable Commitment



by

James C. Thomson, Jr.

Anyone bored with Indochina who wants to know how things are going with our good old ally of 29 years, the Chinese Nationalist Government, should take a rainy afternoon to read Senator Stuart Symington's November, 1969, and May, 1970, hearings on the subject, now available in an attractive green paper cover from the U.S. Government Printing Office. I did just that the other day and, although the fare on Taiwan was a bit thin, the insights into our military-diplomatic complex were rewarding.

The hearings' two star witnesses were an amiable if slow-footed Alabama Foreign Service Officer named Walter P. McConaughy, who has hung around East Asia for 35 years or so and, since 1966 has been our Ambassador to Chiang Kai-shek, and a peppery Brooklyn-born major general named R.G. Ciccolella, who was, until recently, Chief of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group to the Republic of China. But there was also an admiral named Chew, an Air Force

James C. Thomson, Jr., a member of the editorial board of The Washington Monthly, *teaches history at Harvard.*

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colonel named Tweedie, a Pentagon congressional liaison man named Krashes—and, to strain one's credulity a bit further, a Defense lawyer named Sophocles Hero.

Taiwan, or rather the Republic of China on Taiwan, has been of interest to Senator Symington and his subcommittee investigators for some months now in connection with their probing of American "security agreements and commitments abroad." The Senator and his Foreign Relations colleagues have a strong suspicion that the executive branch has been less than full and frank in disclosing to Congress the extent of such agreements and commitments. Closer congressional scrutiny, they wistfully feel, might help to avert "new Vietnams." Hence the executive hearings, country by country, preceded in each case by intensive field investigations by subcommittee staff. And hence the subsequent and apparently formidable task of obtaining executive branch clearance for the publication of each transcript.

On the latter point, the Taiwan volume—part four in the Symington series—contains a rather acid note of transmittal from the subcommittee's Chief Consultant, Walter Pincus:

> Despite months of meetings and page-by-page review of Subcommittee transcripts, we have been unable to see any single standard by which the Department of State judges material it wishes to delete from the published records of our executive hearings. . . . As a result of deletions of factual material from this record. . . the published transcript is incomplete in several meaningful areas. . . . In my view, these deletions hide nothing of a national security nature from a potential enemy but do prevent the American people from knowing facts important to their understanding of United States activities and relationships in this most important area.

Pincus wearily concludes, nonetheless, that "despite the above-mentioned limitations, I believe the record as now cleared contributes to a better basic understanding of the current situation." If "the current situation" is construed to embrace the brainpower of ambassadors, major generals, and others, not to mention considerations of executive candor, Pincus is undoubtedly right.

There is probably no combination of letters more teasing to readers of

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congressional transcripts than that bracketed word "[deleted]." One comes so close, to almost full view—but the blinds are suddenly drawn. Most "sanitized" transcripts of executive sessions contain a sprinkling of this spice here and there. But the all-time record for over-seasoning now surely belongs to the Taiwan hearings. Not only, of course, are "sensitive" answers deleted:

> Mr. Paul: Colonel, how far out from Taiwan does the United States Air Force's air defense responsibilities extend?
> Colonel Tweedie: [Deleted.]

But also, not infrequently, questions too are deleted:

> Mr. Paul: Could I ask a question? [Deleted.]
> Mr. McConaughy: Mr. Counsel, I think I should not go into that along the lines of the discussion this morning. This matter is pending, and I have referred the matter back to my department. I hope we will have something on that tomorrow.

(They didn't.) And then, of course, there is the full symmetry of the double or even triple deletion—such as:

> Mr. Paul: [Deleted.]
> Colonel Tweedie: [Deleted.]

Or again:

> Mr. McConaughy: [Deleted.]
> Senator Fulbright: Why [deleted]?
> Mr. McConaughy: [Deleted.]

And finally, for the busy citizen who has not yet done an Evelyn Wood speed-reading course, there is the convenience of the entire hearing that apparently didn't happen on Friday, November 26, 1969:

> The subcommittee met, pursuant to notice, at 3:15 p.m., in room S-116, the Capitol, Senator Stuart Symington (chairman of the subcommittee) presiding.
> Present: Senators Symington, Fulbright, Aiken, and Case.
> Also present: Mr. Holt, Mr. Pincus, and Mr. Paul of the committee staff.
> Senator Symington: [Deleted.]
> (Whereupon, at 4:40 p.m., the subcommittee adjourned, to reconvene subject to the call of the Chair.)

Unobstructed paragraphs are few and far between. When they occur, they sometimes have the nutritive content of the following classic dialogue:

> Mr. McConaughy: I do.
> Admiral Chew: I do.
> Colonel Yocum: I do.
> Colonel Tweedie: I do.

In fairness, I should note that these genial affirmations come in response to Chairman Symington's traditional opening injunction about "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God." In the light of published responses by the witnesses later in the hearings, however, this oath-taking assumes greater than usual significance.

Deleted Pinpricks

Still, as Mr. Pincus tells us, there are rewards to be had for the conscientious reader of the Taiwan hearings. To begin with, we learn a good deal about what some of our ambassadors know—and do not know—about the countries to which they are accredited. Ambassador Walter P. McConaughy is nothing if not an enthusiast for his Chinese Nationalist clients. He extols "the virtues and the values of free China, the traditional Chinese virtues, that we all associate with the Chinese, all of which have been repudiated by the Chinese Communists." He goes on to tell the Senators, "I think of the Republic of China as a big plus. . . and we need a plus in this vital area of traditional Chinese values as well as from the strategic standpoint, rather than being a minus." To McConaughy, Old China Hand, "our historic ties with the Republic of China" go back "to its inception in 1911" and are immutable, an article of faith. (A bit fuzzy on his history, he glosses over the fact that we failed to recognize the infant "Republic" until 1913, then stuck with the warlord regimes of the North, snubbing Canton revolutionist Sun Yat-sen and his successor, Chiang Kai-Shek, until 1928 and generally despaired of Chiang's talents and prospects until Pearl Harbor forced us into

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an uneasy alliance. But then ambassadors need not know much history.)

The problem, for McConaughy's senatorial questioners was not "the big plus" (or as State's speech-writers usually put it, East Asia's great "success story") of Taiwan, but rather what the Big Plus is up to in its unfinished civil war with Communist China, and to what degree, specifically, we are committed and/or involved in—publicly and clandestinely, formally and informally—the Nationalist government's sustaining ambition: return to the mainland. As Senator Fulbright and others put the matter, it is important to determine how our Taiwan commitments and involvements square with the Nixon Administration's repeatedly declared objective of seeking improved relations with Peking, an objective clearly anathema to Taiwan's authorities.

McConaughy's appearances at the hearings of November 24 and 25, 1969, (whether or not he showed up at the non-session on November 26 is, of course, [deleted]) found the subcommittee preoccupied with four sorts of issues. First, there was the nature and interpretation of our formal treaty commitments to the Government of the Republic of China (GRC). Second, there was the matter of a wide range of GRC operations against—or harassments of—the China mainland, joint US-GRC military training exercises, mainland surveillance overflights, and, at the heart of such things, U.S. attitudes toward GRC or US-GRC provocation of Peking. Third, there was the matter of the Nationalist Government's relations with the island's overwhelming majority of native Taiwanese (some 12 million Taiwanese, as compared to two million mainlanders)—involving, inevitably, questions of political "stability," participation, and repression. And, finally, there was the matter of recent GRC enlargement of Taiwan air bases—apparently in hopes of enticing to the island U.S. B-52 bombers relocated from Okinawa, as the latter reverts to Japanese rule.

On the first general problem—the formal American commitment—the Ambassador was at his best, citing the appropriate treaties, exchanges of notes, joint resolutions, joint communiques, and expressions of mutual esteem. It was the second general area of questioning—the inventory of mainland-oriented harassments by the GRC and its American protector—that caused the Ambassador much difficulty. He early admitted, for instance, that "the GRC over the past five years has been much more active than the Communist Chinese in conducting low level or small-scale military actions against mainland China for both military and political reasons. These actions have consisted of reconnaissance flights, maritime raids, and propaganda shelling." (This last sentence is followed by "[Deleted.]" Then, "As regards propaganda shelling," etc. Clearly discussions of "reconnaissance flights, maritime raids" are not for the eyes of the U.S. taxpayer.)

It was Senator Fulbright who early expressed his doubts: "I am not clear on what the Taiwan Government expects to achieve by these repeated minor incursions into China." Nor were he and Symington reassured when the Ambassador responded that the main beneficiaries were GRC "intelligence" and GRC "morale." "None of these," McConaughy said, "really present any challenge to the Chinese Communists. I call them pinprick raids," he added—and, pleased with the word, later used it once or twice too often for his audience:

> Mr. McConaughy: [Deleted.] These raids as we all agreed they were this morning were really pinpricks. [Deleted.] I just do not believe the Chicoms would react that way to a pinprick.
>
> Senator Symington: I wish you would not use that word, "pinprick." The *Pueblo* was a pinprick. They did not sink the ship, just took it in. A mother of one of the officers lives in my apartment. If you think this was just a pinprick as far as she was concerned—

It was Fulbright who then raised a central, related question whose answer

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remains locked in the classified files:

Senator Fulbright: Do you think if the mainland Chinese raided Taiwan we would consider it a pinprick?

Senator Symington: A little raid, just a couple of boats.

Mr. McConaughy: [Deleted.]

Later in the hearings McConaughy was asked about those GRC elements that carry out "pinpricks" of the mainland—notably the "Anti-Communist National Salvation Force" on one of the offshore islands which ran a much-touted and profitless raid into Fukien's Min River estuary a year or so ago. Was it the main function of this force to launch such raids? The Ambassador acknowledged that it had certainly carried out the Min River raid, but added, "I do not really know anything appreciably about this force." "Do any of you," McConaughy asked his colleagues, "know how long it has been in existence?" Since 1950, said Vice Admiral John L. Chew (Commander U.S. Taiwan Defense Command), who also reported the approximate strength of the force (a figure, of course, deleted in the transcript) but was otherwise uninformed—Chew had learned of the Min River raid only after the fact. Subcommittee Counsel Roland A. Paul pressed his questioning:

Mr. Paul: I do not want to raise a contentious question, but let me phrase it this way: An organization that has been in existence this long and with this many people and you know very little about it raises a curiosity on my part—

Admiral Chew: I can give you the force structure of it. However, it is not a MAP supported force. We have never counted on it significantly as a defense force. I suppose, it could be likened to a national guard in some respects. [Deleted.]

Mr. Paul: So you say you learned that they conducted this raid. Do you know whether it conducted earlier raids?

Admiral Chew: That I do not know. It is perfectly possible that it did.

Paul then turned to McConaughy and asked about "the Embassy's position with respect to this force."

Mr. McConaughy: Well, there is not any Embassy position, Mr. Counsel. It is not a part of the regularly constituted forces. We have not assisted it, so we have no position as to its existence.

Chiang the Carpetbagger

The second day of testimony, November 25, saw the curtain raised, ever so slightly, on a series of on-going US-GRC joint military exercises with such suggestive names as "Exercise Forward Thrust" and "Exercise Fond Memory," both involving training in unconventional warfare—special forces to be parachuted into mountainous Taiwan terrain there to link up with "indigenous insurgents," plus a sea-borne invasion, etc. Attention was also given to the interlocking nature of GRC and U.S. air defense operations, to the 7th Fleet Taiwan Straits patrol, to sundry other American Taiwan-based activities (in addition to such mysteries as "Beggar Watch" and "Mother Hubbard," discussed the previous day), and to the precise purpose of U.S. military assistance.

Perhaps the flavor of the second day's testimony comes clearest in the following exchange between Counsel Paul and Admiral Chew regarding the GRC view of the allegedly strictly defensive "Exercise Forward Thrust":

Mr. Paul: But do the Chinese look upon the purpose of the exercise any differently from the Americans?

Admiral Chew: I would hope not, Mr. Counsel, because in talking to the director of their plans, it was from his suggestion that an attempt to land on Taiwan would be an airborne infiltration and from that this scenario was developed.

Mr. Paul: But is it not possible, Admiral, that the Chinese look upon the purpose of the exercise as well as a drill of an invasion through infiltration and other means of the mainland?

Admiral Chew: I do not think so. . . . I think it could be subject to misinterpretation, yes.

Mr. Paul: Some American officers have informed us on our trip that the Chinese were aware of the implications of this exercise for purposes of practicing offensive tactics against the mainland.

Admiral Chew: I think I was aware of the

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fact that some American officers had said that, and I denied the fact that this was in fact the case.

When asked what the Embassy did each year, as "Forward Thrust" came up for renewal, given its susceptibility to "misinterpretation," Ambassador McConaughy replied, "Well, nothing, no action. . . I see no basis for any such misconception at all. That conjecture is farfetched, in my opinion."

(The Symington subcommittee's final report of December 21, 1970, singles out "Forward Thrust" for special comment: "American military officers who participated in this exercise, and who the Subcommittee believes were speaking frankly and honestly, referred to this exercise as 'Chiang Kai-shek's return to the mainland.' All logic would indicate such was the implied case.")

It was on the subject of the 7th Fleet patrol between Taiwan and the mainland that the Ambassador showed his full optimistic self. The old Korean War patrol, though much reduced in recent times, still seemed to the Senators a provocative symbol; as Symington put it, "Would we not be a little nervous if the Soviet Fleet was patrolling between Cuba and Florida as standard practice?" To McConaughy, however, the patrol was "a part of the preparedness posture of the 7th Fleet to exercise its diversive (sic) responsibilities in case of need. The Chinese Communists clearly understand there is nothing aggressive about this." Senator Fulbright found the Ambassador's view unconvincing. Indeed, McConaughy's written opening statement contained the admission that "any U.S. military presence or military-related activity on Taiwan is viewed by the Chinese Communists with especial hostility." Why not have Taiwan take over the Straits patrol, thereby reducing the U.S. provocation to Peking at a time when we were seeking better relations? Wouldn't this convey a clearer conciliatory signal to the Chinese Communists?

Mr. McConaughy: I do not think it really will make any difference to them.

Senator Fulbright: Why wouldn't it make any difference to them?

Mr. McConaughy: Because they know there is no hostile intent as long as they do not commit aggression. They do not really regard that as any threat to them.

Senator Fulbright: Why do you say that? What makes you say that?

Mr. McConaughy: Because this is not a threat and this is self-evident.

Senator Fulbright: To the Chinese?

Mr. McConaughy: And I do not believe they believe their own propaganda necessarily, the Chinese Communists. They know they are not really threatened by the 7th Fleet as long as they do not commit aggression. They know that the 7th Fleet is not going to launch any unprovoked attack against them. They know it full well.

Senator Fulbright: Is this because you are so convinced that we are good people and we do not like to hurt anyone and, therefore, no one should fear us?

Mr. McConaughy: Well, it is because I am convinced it is not in the cards. None of our people are even thinking in terms of unprovoked aggression against the Chinese Communists.

Senator Fulbright: You are convinced of that because really fundamentally we are God-fearing good people. Is that right?

Mr. McConaughy: I believe in our country and its good motivations; yes, sir. I believe I know the temper of our entire Government and people and the Congress.

Within a minute or two, the argument had moved to Vietnam. But meanwhile, the Ambassador had said his piece: our motives are pure, and in their heart of hearts, the "Chicoms" know it, too; so if they will only shape up and behave, there will be no problem.

Well and good, perhaps, about *our* motives. But what about the motives and operations of our Taiwan ally? On this matter, the third focal point of the subcommittee's questioning, Ambassador McConaughy had a series of difficult exchanges with the subcommittee. The exchanges were difficult chiefly because the Ambassador was either uncomfortable or, conceivably, ignorant about the political and social structure of the nation to which he has been accredited since 1966. (He actually first came to

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Taiwan as a consul in 1935, when it was a Japanese colony, then to mainland China in 1941; he was also Washington's last Consul-General in Shanghai in 1948-50.)

On the first day of hearings, McConaughy was caught short by Symington's questions about the number of native-born Taiwanese in the GRC's National Assembly (still presuming to represent, as does each branch and agency of the GRC, *all* of mainland China's provinces, of which Taiwan is only one). A subsequent State Department compilation, sent in later and included in the record, indicated that of the Assembly's surviving 1,425 members (of 2,961 originally elected in 1946—no "nation-wide" elections since, of course), 28 seats were allocated to Taiwan and presumably filled by Taiwanese. Senator Symington's comment, anticipating such figures, was that such small (two per cent) Taiwanese representation "could not be democratic if they are 84 per cent of the population"; was the GRC, he wondered, "a totalitarian regime or a democratic regime?" "I would not call it totalitarian," replied McConaughy, "but it is not completely democratic either."

The problem of the exclusion of the Taiwanese majority from political participation—and their possible resentment—had been presaged here and there in the Ambassador's otherwise eulogistic opening statement about the virtues of his Nationalist clients. At one point, for instance, he touched briefly on "potential Taiwanese dissidence resulting from their exclusion from the political center." Such dissidence was, however, "alleviated," he told the Senators, "by the fact that they have shared equally in the growing prosperity of Taiwan, by their participation in local politics, and by the effective internal security controls." During some fairly intensive interrogation, the subcommittee learned that the GRC's internal security system played the principal role in "alleviating" dissidence—hardly by increasing political participation.

In the first place, Counsel Paul attempted to probe the sources of Taiwanese resentment by obtaining from McConaughy an estimate of the number of Formosans killed in 1947 by the carpetbagging Nationalist governor and his forces in the tragic February Uprising, during which a generation of Formosan political leadership was wiped out. Although the Ambassador could give no figure, it had been, he said, "a pretty serious disturbance," but when asked to confirm the Counsel's cited estimate of "at least 20,000 killed" McConaughy demurred. The State Department subsequently supplied the subcommittee with a fairly wooly memorandum which reported estimates that 10,000 Formosans might have been killed up to the end of March, 1947: "Certainly there were thousands of Taiwanese who were killed ; but more precise figures are open to question."

From a review of the not so well remembered past, McConaughy was

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then asked to move to the present and to estimate the number of people "incarcerated in Taiwan for anti-Government activities."

Mr. McConaughy: No, I do not have that figure. No figures are announced.

Mr. Paul: Don't we, through sources of our own, have some estimate of this figure?

Mr. McConaughy: [Deleted.]

Apparently even the deleted reply was unenlightening, for a minute or two later Symington tried his hand, expressing solicitude for any embarrassment the subject might cause the Ambassador. "But you must have a general idea of how many political prisoners there are in Taiwan, haven't you?"

Mr. McConaughy: No, I honestly do not have, Mr. Chairman. This is a matter that just did not–

Senator Symington: Would you say there are 15?

Mr. McConaughy: I would assume there are more than that.

Senator Symington: Well, would you say there are 500?

Mr. McConaughy: But you have got a matter of definition: to start with just how are you going to define a political prisoner. Some of these people probably are Communist agents, and if they are truly subversive, as some of them may well be, are you going to call them just political prisoners or not? Where are you going to draw the line?

Senator Symington: People who are imprisoned because they are against the Government.

Symington then proceeded to press the Ambassador: "Aren't you concerned about the number of political prisoners there are in Taiwan? Wouldn't that be part of your job? We believe in democracy and preach it now with military might, all over the Far East." To which the Ambassador responded that he was "certainly concerned whenever there is a miscarriage of justice." But that was not, said Symington, his point; his worry was "whether these people have had their freedom taken away from them because they were opposed to this regime on Formosa." McConaughy's response: "I have no evidence that would be the only charge, Mr. Chairman. In many cases these people could well be active Communist agents." This brought the genial Senator Aiken to life; given the exclusion of about 80 per cent of the population from political power or participation, he mused, the GRC's political prisoners need not necessarily be Communists. McConaughy backed away a bit: "Some may be Chinese Communist agents, but we just do not know."

Such answers were too much for the Senator from Missouri. (Taiwan's Green Island is one of Asia's more notorious prisons; political prisoners held there and elsewhere on Taiwan are estimated by Western observers to total several thousand.) He was to return several times to the Ambassador's attitude on the issue of political prisoners. For instance, "I must say it astonishes me you have no idea of any kind whatever how many political prisoners they have, which is always a good way to know to what extent the general mass of the people support their government. . . . You probably have had more experience with Taiwan than any living American in the service today. But you say you have no idea whatever. That surprises me."

The Invisible Runway

Embassy Taipei's apparent conviction that what we don't know won't hurt us was borne out in the substantial parts of the November 25 hearing devoted to a fourth area of questioning, the mysterious and dramatic enlargement of at least two GRC air bases (at a cost of $30 million) to an extent appropriate to B-52s. McConaughy's opening written statement had contained the following paragraph on the enlargement of bases: The GRC's "motive [deleted] apparently is to be able at some future date to offer the United States, should the need arise, bases capable of accepting aircraft up through B-52s. They probably would consider that such increased use would strengthen the

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reliability of our defense commitment." On this matter, the subcommittee had two general worries: first, given cumulative U.S. military aid to Taiwan of $2.4 billion ($36 million in fiscal year 1969) and close joint military planning, what was the U.S. role in this decision (and had, indeed, some U.S. officials given private encouragement to the GRC move); and, second, was not such enlargement militarily provocative to Peking? Senator Fulbright made the first probe of the subject: "Are we preparing these to receive B-52s in case we move them out of Okinawa?"

Mr. McConaughy: We are not making any arrangements, to my knowledge.

Senator Fulbright: But the Chinese are building them. You describe that the Chinese are building [deleted] bases.

Mr. McConaughy: Well, they are reportedly enlarging [deleted] airfields.

Senator Fulbright: Why are they doing it?

Mr. McConaughy: They have not discussed this matter with us. They have not told us why they are doing it.

Senator Fulbright: You are on good terms with Chiang Kai-Shek, are you not?

Mr. McConaughy: Yes, indeed.

Senator Fulbright: And he has never mentioned these bases nor given you an explanation as to why they are making them large enough for B-52s?

Mr. McConaughy: That is correct.

The Ambassador had known Chiang for 20 years, right? Right. "And he trusts you. He regards you as very friendly to his government, does he not?" "I should think so."

Senator Fulbright: Well, he ought to, and yet he would conceal from you the purpose of enlarging a base to receive a B-52?

Mr. McConaughy: No.

Senator Fulbright: That is what you are telling the committee?

Mr. McConaughy: I did not say anything about concealment. I say he has not discussed it with me. This is just a matter of an extension of existing runways.

Senator Fulbright: For no purpose other than our B-52s. They have no need for them, do they?

Mr. McConaughy: That could well be.

Senator Fulbright: Well, is it? It is a fact, is it not? You say they are doing it.

Mr. McConaughy: It could be for the possible use of our own planes in an emergency. Would you object to our having a place where we could station planes in an emergency?

After a further series of unproductive exchanges, the exasperated Arkansas Democrat directed the question to the assembled military representatives:

Senator Fulbright: ...May I ask the admiral or any colonel—I do not like this sparring about—have any of you ever discussed, with any member of the Chinese Government or their military, why they were enlarging these bases to accommodate B-52s?

Admiral Chew: This has never been discussed.

Senator Fulbright: And you have never been curious enough to ask them why they are doing it?

Admiral Chew: I have never asked them, Mr. Chairman.

Senator Fulbright: It does not interest you? You [turning to Colonel Tweedie] are in the Air Force. Doesn't it interest you to see a base being built big enough to accommodate a B-52?

Colonel Tweedie: Yes, sir.

Senator Fulbright: I would think so. The Ambassador seems to think I am criticizing when I am only asking for information. If you are for it, I think there is all the more reason for you to say, "Why are you doing this; is this for our accommodation?" Didn't any of you ever ask any military man in the Chinese Air Force why they are doing it?

Colonel Tweedie: No, sir; we did not.

At this point, the Taiwan Country Director at State, Thomas Shoesmith, tried to bail out his colleagues. Yet his testimony, liberally sprinkled with deletions, leaves the matter a mystery to the reader of the hearings. Nor did it seem, at the time, to enlighten the Senators. State, Defense, and the Embassy stuck to their guns: there had been no communication with the GRC, even to date, regarding the enlargement of the air bases. They also emphatically denied, of course, any private encouragement of the move. Toward the end, a bit lamely, the embattled Ambassador tried to explain the Embassy's admittedly tardy knowledge of the base expansion by pointing out that the main one in

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question was "out in the hills. . . not right on a road. . . ." This evoked some tart comments from Symington, a former Air Force Secretary:

> Senator Symington: My dear fellow, don't let's get into the question of being a secret matter when you lengthen the base of an airfield, especially if there is commercial use of it, which is probably the best known single activity. You hire laborers and everybody knows about it.
>
> Mr. Shoesmith: I understand that. I did not know of it, and so far as I know the Embassy did not know about it.

When pressed by Senator Fulbright as to whether State's mainland China specialists, alert to Peking's apprehensions, had urged that our Taipei embassy discourage the GRC from air base expansion, Shoesmith gave an honest and revealing insight into bureaucratic compartmentalization. "They did not," he replied; but he then added the following: "I will have to say, in fairness to those people, that I do not recall any discussion with them as to whether or not we should so instruct the Embassy." In other words, State's mainland China desk officers were not even consulted on the question of Taiwan air bases with the clear prime capability of assaulting the China mainland.

Tell It to the Rotary Club

There remains one further point to be made about the Symington Taiwan hearings. Not present at the sessions of November 24-26—or rather, only vaguely present at intervals, like Banquo's ghost—was Ambassador McConaughy's military counterpart, Major General Ciccolella, at that time Chief of the U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group to the Republic of China. The General, summoned home to testify along with McConaughy, had suffered the misfortune of an acute back ailment and was admitted to Walter Reed Hospital for, as it turned out, a good many weeks. Despite his absence in November, he was referred to by the Senators from time to time, and the references usually related to his Taiwan public pronouncements. On November 24, for instance, Senator Mansfield ominously requested that the subcommittee be supplied with "as many copies as possible of speeches that General Ciccolella has given while he has been the commander, or the general in charge of the military mission there."

It turns out, of course, that back trouble was not Ciccolella's only misfortune. A vigorous and forthright man of strong opinions, he had also delivered—among other pronunciamenta—a speech at the Rotary Club of Taipei on February 27, 1969, which received considerable press coverage. That speech—on "The U.S. Role in Vietnam and Prospects for Peace"—was to prove his undoing. For in it he castigated a very wide-ranging assortment of Vietnam war doubters and critics, including, inter alia, American newspapers and universities, "self-appointed experts," "office-seeking politicians," and "pontificating statesmen" back home, and, at some length, the government and people of Sweden—all of them, by his account, dupes of "communist propaganda." By the time the General finally appeared before the subcommittee in May, 1970, the Defense Department had apparently recognized, at the least, a case of indiscretion; in March he was assigned to homeside duty as Chief of Staff of the First Army—instead of becoming, as originally planned, Chief of Staff to General Abrams in Vietnam.

When Ciccolella testified on Friday, May 8, the Senators were heavily preoccupied with Cambodia. This did not prevent them, however, from subjecting him to intensive and acerbic interrogation; and the last third of the Taiwan volume contains lively and pungent exchanges guaranteed to hold the reader's attention. The attitudes, mysteries, and evasions of the previous November's hearings are largely reconfirmed (he swears, for instance, that he doesn't know if the U.S. has nuclear weapons on Taiwan,

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and, of course, had never thought to ask). And the moral and political philosphy of one modern major general is probed at very considerable length. But little new ground is broken. And Taiwan, for Ciccolella, is already an adventure of the past.

Not so, of course, for McConaughy and his associates, who are now back on Taiwan. Back on Taiwan, manning that "big plus."

The Price of Inscrutability

A precis of the Taiwan hearings is certainly no substitute for the real thing. Anyone who finds a rainy afternoon to read them through will draw his or her own conclusions. For what they are worth, however, mine run roughly as follows:

In another day and age, even another part of the forest, one might simply laugh or sigh or shake one's head over the follies and foibles of ambassadors, admirals, generals and bureaucracies. But not so now, in 1971, about Taiwan.

For Taiwan is a deadly serious matter at a time of critical change in East and Southeast Asia. It is the residue, symbol, and focus of the unfinished Chinese Civil War. It is the repository of our oldest Asian "commitment," to the Chinese Nationalist Government. It is a veteran participant in American domestic politics. It is a tinderbox of resentments and yearnings, among both Taiwanese and mainlanders. And it has become, over the years, the staging ground for an accumulation of wide-ranging Cold War military and intelligence activities—some of whose original rationales are now lost in the mists of the past.

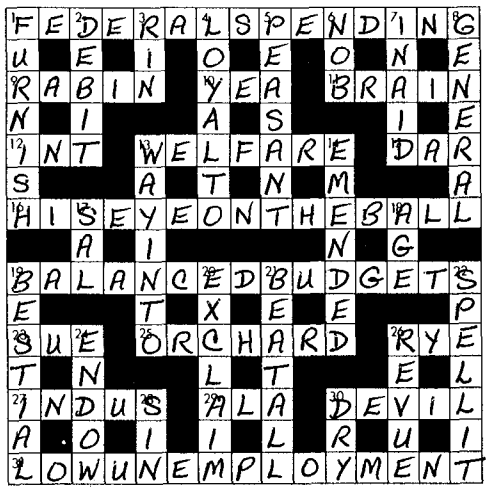
Consider this island and its ramifications in the projected wider context of the early 1970s: intended U.S. withdrawal from South Vietnam, reversion of Okinawa to Japanese administration, probable admission of Communist China to the United Nations, efforts by Washington to improve relations with Peking, and attempts to implement the cloudy Nixon Doctrine of lessened American visibility in the Far East.

Each one of these difficult adjustments can be affected by the Taiwan problem and by our Taiwan relationship. Each can be affected by our restless Taiwan "ally," adept throughout the years at manipulation of its protector. And each can also be affected by the nature, caliber, and antennae of American representation on Taiwan.

What comes through most clearly in the Symington hearings is the Byzantine complexity of our relationship, the potential instability of our ally, and the pathetic inadequacy of our representation. Twenty years of U. S. military aid and shadowy participation in joint planning and training, in monitoring, arming, expanding airfields, and "pinpricking," have produced that most dangerous of foreign policy products: incremental great power commitment to the disruptive ambitions of a client.

This, it seems clear, is what Symington and his colleagues understood, and tried in their hearings to explore. And this is why the ignorance, the obtuseness, the evasiveness, and the grotesque lack of candor of the Taiwan witnesses caused such deep concern to the Senators—and must, one hopes, cause similar concern to a wider American public. ■

Answers to the January Political Puzzle:



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The One-Eyed Watchdog of Congress

by Richard F. Kaufman

On paper the organization of the government appears to make it difficult, if not impossible, for a defense contractor to overreach the public purse. There is the Renegotiation Board to recapture excess profits, there are statutory requirements for "truth" in negotiations, there is the Office of Management and Budget to scrutinize defense requests for funds, there is the Council of Economic Advisors to study government policies and expenditures, there is Congress itself with constitutional power over the purse strings, and finally there is the General Accounting Office to audit contractors and uncover illegal and inequitable practices.

The problem is that the organizational chart for defense spending and defense contracting has little bearing on reality. For the institutions established to restrain defense spending have instead accommodated themselves to flagrant contract abuses and extravagant defense expenditures. In some cases the adjustments have been obfuscation. In the case of the General Accounting Office, it amounts to an advanced case of bureaucratic sleeping sickness, complicated by the fact that the Congress has often not wanted a very energetic watchdog.

The General Accounting Office was created in 1921 by the same act that established the Bureau of the Budget. As an agency of the legislative branch, the GAO was intended to serve as an independent auditor of all branches and all agencies of government. The head of the GAO, the Comptroller General, is appointed by the President for a 15-year term. The term cannot be renewed and the Comptroller General can be removed from office only by Congress, not by the President, an arrangement that is supposed to assure the independence of the agency. However, while the Bureau of the Budget has played a key role in increasing the power of the President, the GAO has not had great success in either materially enlarging the influence of Congress or checking the growth of the executive, especially the military.

In the early years of the GAO its major concern was the auditing of vouchers. There were literally tens of

Richard Kaufman is on the staff of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress. This article is adapted from his book, The War Profiteers, *to be published in February by Bobbs-Merrill.*

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thousands of vouchers including the travel vouchers of federal employees; and during World War II, when government expenditures skyrocketed, about 15,000 GAO employees were kept busy mostly by shuffling around tons of vouchers. Until 1951 its duties were routine. But in that year Congress, concerned over potential contractor abuses and profiteering during the Korean War build-up, modified the GAO's statutory authority to permit it to examine contractors' books and records. For the first time the GAO became an investigative arm for Congress, with the primary responsibility for auditing defense contractors.

As the GAO's competence and confidence grew, it probed deeper into military procurement, issuing reports of its investigations to Congress with increasing frequency. Its power to suspend and disallow illegal payments of public funds was extended to include illegal contracts. It exercised this power to a small extent, more often referring cases to the Justice Department for further investigation or recommending that the Pentagon attempt to collect voluntary reimbursements from contractors guilty of overcharging the government. Cumulatively, GAO's reports of the late 1950s and early 1960s were a devastating critique of military contracting. But it was ahead of its time. Only a few in Congress were impressed and disturbed over the revelations, notably Carl Vinson, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. The tide of opinion was in the opposite direction, and many began growing hostile to the GAO green-eyeshade military critics. Vinson retired in 1964, to be succeeded as chairman by L. Mendel Rivers (who was replaced after his recent death by F. Edward Hébert). In 1965 a subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee, headed by Chet Holifield, began an investigation of—guess who?—the GAO.

The Government Operations Committee has jurisdiction over the GAO in that it considers the legislation and authorizes the funds for the agency. In opening the investigation Holifield expressed "the great concern that has been shown in industry circles, and recently in the Department of Defense, over the difficult and sometimes awkward situations created by the GAO audit reports," and he asked these questions:

> Is the GAO, as some Government and industry parties believe, enforcing its own standards of procurement on Government and industry without authority of law or without the benefit of the intimate technical and business experience which resides in the parties to the procurement process? Is there developing a clash of procurement philosophies between GAO and DOD?

This inviting tone was eagerly accepted by the Pentagon and its contractors, who queued up to testify.

Complaints of the Guilty

It was an inquisition, and before it was over Joseph Campbell, the Comptroller General, resigned, under a barrage of criticism from the military, industry, and Congress, for reasons of "health." The basic complaint was all those GAO reports on defense contracts. The lead-off witness was Paul R. Ignatius, Assistant Secretary of Defense, who stated the case for the prosecution: the GAO's reports on the Pentagon went up from 206 in 1962 to 544 in 1964. Ignatius did not believe that the increase in the number of reports indicated the number of deficiencies in procurement, and he further maintained that the GAO was in effect violating the integrity of the government's contracts by coercing contractors into voluntary refunds. The Pentagon, Ignatius said, did not intend to seek voluntary refunds in a number of cases where the GAO had recommended them. Assistant Secretary of the Air Force Robert H. Charles expanded these views. "The sanctity of contracts," he testified, "is the bedrock of our commercial system. You nibble away at this and you nibble away at something far bigger

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than an occasional refund out of the millions of transactions in which we are involved." To which Holifield replied, "The Chair is in complete concurrence with your statement."

Ignatius also explained the reorganization of the Defense Department contract-audit function, formerly performed within each of the military services, into a centralized body called the Defense Contract Audit Agency (DCAA). What may have appeared at the time to be merely one of the endless changes in Pentagon organization charts, affecting the unexciting subject of accounts and audits, represented an important power grab by the Pentagon and a demotion for the GAO tacitly approved by Congress. Hereafter, most audits of defense contractors would be performed by the DCAA, and gradually it would push the GAO aside. The rationale was that as each of the executive agencies improved its ability to audit individual contracts and exercise surveillance over contractors, the need for the GAO to do so diminished. In reality the idea was to get the GAO out of the Pentagon's and the contractors' way. In good military bureaucratese, Ignatius said that the DCAA's responsibilities would "allow for continuation of the use of GAO reports as one of the audit management tools for evaluating the effectiveness of the contract audit function and for disclosing significant contract audit matters needing improvement or greater emphasis." In other words, the Pentagon considers the GAO a useful "tool" as long as it can control its use.

The contractors and their representatives, Boeing, Lockheed, United Aircraft, Honeywell, Grumman Aircraft, Aerospace Industries, Inc., the Western Electronic Manufacturers' Association, the National Security Industrial Association, and others identified the GAO's sins more specifically. The GAO, they charged, used colored and sensational language in the titles and the substance of its reports. Words like "overcharges, unnecessary costs, wasteful practices, improper charges, failure to protect the government's interest" encourage wide publicity in the news media and create the distorted impression that most military procurement is unsound. They may even create the impression that there is profiteering, asserted Karl G. Harr, president of Aerospace Industries, Inc. Titles of reports such as "Overstated Cost Estimates Included in Target Prices Negotiated for B-52G Airplanes Produced by the Boeing Co., Wichita Branch, Wichita, Kansas" and "Excessive Prices Negotiated for Installation and Test of Radar Systems Under a Negotiated Fixed-Price Contract with Avco Corp., Electronics Division, Cincinnati, Ohio" were inflammatory and unfairly singled out individual contractors for public censure.

Campbell, the Comptroller General, testifying for the first time on the day following the appearance of Secretary Ignatius, was immediately asked to comment on Ignatius' testimony, which amounted to asking the defendant to answer an indictment one day after it is read. Of course he could not, although he returned one week later with a prepared response, especially to Ignatius' assertion that the GAO was violating the integrity of the Pentagon's contracts. By this time, however, the committee was not interested in Campbell's reply, and they questioned him on other matters. Nevertheless, the statement, which was inserted into the record of the hearings (in extra-small type), does contain some interesting facts.

Take It or Leave It

For example, Ignatius had complained about the 1964 report on the *USS Bainbridge*, which the GAO concluded was a case of overpricing on the part of the contractor, the Bethlehem Steel Company, and recommended a refund of about $5 million. Ignatius testified that the Pentagon did not agree there was any overpricing and would not seek a refund because it would violate the integrity

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of the contract entered into by the government. Campbell pointed out that Bethlehem began work on the ship under a letter contract providing for reimbursement of costs until final terms could be worked out. Negotiations to finalize the contract were fruitless for three years, until the Navy's Bureau of Ships gave in to Bethlehem's demands for a fixed price of $87 million. At the time of the agreement 75 per cent of the work on the ship had been completed. But the Navy's contract-approval authority refused to approve the contract on the grounds that the price was too high. The matter was then referred to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who approved Bethlehem's offer a year later.

The GAO found that it was improper to enter into a fixed-price contract at a time when relatively little work remained to be done on the ship. It was no trick to forecast that the remaining costs of the job would bring the total bill far below $87 million. Indeed, the Navy's own contract approval authority had recommended a price of $80.5 million, before the top brass began negotiating directly with the contractor. The GAO's analysis of the incurred and estimated costs submitted by Bethlehem to support its demands showed overcharges totaling $5 million. Despite Ignatius' assertion that the government would not seek a refund, Campbell showed that the Navy had once unsuccessfully tried to get a voluntary refund prior to the signing of the final contract, after the GAO pointed out that Bethlehem was improperly charging costs to the government for the *Bainbridge* that should have been charged either to Bethlehem's commercial work or to other government contracts.

On another case Ignatius stated no refund would be sought even though the contractor was wrong in adopting a take-it-or-leave-it attitude with the government. This case involved the purchase of Klystron tubes from Varian Associates, which developed and held a monopoly on Klystron. Varian refused to furnish cost data or even negotiate prices and established the price of its product unilaterally. The GAO's examination showed that the prices exceeded actual production costs by from 36 to 279 per cent. Varian claimed its costs were proprietary, yet as the sole-source supplier virtually all Klystron had been sold for military use.

Finally, Ignatius had complained that the GAO had violated the integrity of contracts in its criticism of the rent-free use by Pratt and Whitney of government-owned facilities for nine years—while using the facilities to produce 10,000 engines that it sold to commercial customers. The contract provided that if Pratt and Whitney benefited from the commercial use of the government-owned facilities, its prices to the government would be reduced. According to the GAO, there were no price reductions or other benefits received by the government. Here, too, Ignatius said that the government would not seek a refund.

Blinding the Watchdog

Following the testimony of the defense-industry spokesmen, the committee recessed for about a month, then resumed for one last day to hear from Campbell's acting replacement. As Campbell had been on two occasions, the acting Comptroller General was badgered by a hostile committee, and the hearings were ended. A year later the committee issued a report announcing a complete reorganization of the defense division of the GAO and a new audit approach to defense contracts. In the future, rather than pinpointing individual cases of weaknesses, reports would be "broadened" to cover "major subject matters." Instead of reporting on separate contracts, a series of related problems would be bunched together in a single report, and the names of the contractors would often be withheld.

The hearings had whacked the GAO in the head, and in some ways it

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has still not recovered. Its reports, never considered permanent contributions to the world of literature, have been purged of most of the "colored" and "sensational" language that the contractors complained of. Now the reports bear titles like "Need for Improving Administration of the Cost of Pricing Data Requirements of Public Law 87-653 in the Award of Prime Contracts and Subcontracts." Nothing sensational about that, and further, one can read that particular report from cover to cover without finding a trace of a contractor's name. In a 1968 report the Holifield Committee, discussing the improvements that it had brought within the GAO, stated, "There has been, in fact, a definite shift of GAO personnel from direct contract auditing to other defense areas," and Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats testified that this was due primarily to the improved work that has been performed by the Defense Contract Audit Agency. Ironically, within a year many other voices in Congress began criticizing the GAO for not paying enough attention to defense contracts. ■

Editor's Note:

Some material has been unearthed recently which illustrates how the General Accounting Office works and shows that even Richard Kaufman may have underestimated the dormancy of the accounting office—that the GAO may have gone beyond mere benign neglect of defense contracts and adopted the role of protector of the Defense Department and defense contractors from congressional or public inquiry. This represents an exact reversal of the GAO's statutory mandate, which is to protect the people and the Congress from fiscal malpractice on the part of agencies and contractors. Having been sliced up by the Congress in 1965, the pitiful GAO now gets pushed around by large corporations and powerful government agencies.

The new material is a series of letters traded between members of the Senate and the GAO regarding the viability of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Senator William Proxmire, vice-chairman (now chairman) of the Joint Economic Committee, wanted to obtain information from Lockheed's financial records in order to determine whether the company could possibly follow through on the controversial C-5A contract. In the spring of 1970 he asked the GAO for Lockheed's cash flow sheets.

The first response he received from Comptroller General Elmer Staats—in May, 1970— was hopeful. "We were told," wrote Staats, "that the Deputy Secretary of Defense, David Packard, and Daniel J. Haughton, chairman of the board, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, currently were trying to develop a mutually satisfactory solution with respect to Lockheed's cash requirements as well as the detailed information that could be made available to you and to the Congress on this matter. We understand that this matter is being given their personal attention and that a decision should be made momentarily."

By September 14, a full four months later, nothing had happened. Proxmire had received no word about the decision that had been promised "momentarily." So, he wrote again to Staats, asking the GAO to do a complete study of the financial capability of Lockheed. Although the Defense Department did have the needed information about the contractor and by law must make it available to the GAO upon Staats' demand, Staats did not demand anything. He evidenced a curious timidity for a tenured emissary of the Pentagon's provider, Congress:

We requested officials of the Department of Defense to make available for

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our review any information the Department had relating to Lockheed's financial condition. We were informed that, although they did have certain financial data pertaining to Lockheed, they could not make it available to us since it had been furnished to the Department in confidence and on the basis that it would not be made public.

One might wonder how the GAO took this denial, since it is empowered by law to obtain such material, and since the refusal to provide it is a criminal offense. A clue to the underlying mood between the GAO and the Department that had just turned it down is provided in a letter, dated November 10. This letter was from the director of the Defense Division of the GAO, Charles M. Bailey, to the Secretary of Defense, Melvin Laird:

The purpose of this letter is to confirm our understanding that we will not be able to review certain financial information furnished to the Department of Defense by the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

As an alternative, we asked whether or not it would be possible for us to examine the data at the Department and not remove it from your office. We would furnish the Senators only with our opinion as to whether Lockheed has the financial capability to complete and deliver C-5A aircraft.

We were advised that this could not be done because it would constitute a violation of the confidential relationship existing between the Department and the contractor concerning these data.

The GAO had bargained with the Defense Department for a private peek at the Lockheed file, provided, of course, that they wouldn't repeat what they saw, and would only tell the Senators their opinion. This was not exactly a proud role for a watchdog.

Senator Proxmire was incensed. He wrote again to Staats, on November 20, and said, "The denial of this information to GAO by the Department of Defense appears to me to be in direct violation of the law. . . .

"My question now is, what does the GAO intend to do about the Defense Department's flagrant violation of the law giving GAO access to its books and records? Will you forward this matter to the Justice Department for further action? What steps do you intend to take?"

Finally, the GAO compromised on the law and negotiated a settlement with the Pentagon. According to Staats' letter of December 4 to Senator Richard Schweiker, who, along with Proxmire, sought the Lockheed records, the GAO will be allowed to read the documents in the Defense Department—without taking them out or reproducing them. The GAO is then "hopeful" that it can make this information known to the Senators. Whether a result detrimental to Lockheed would stand a lesser chance of getting to the Senators than one favorable to it is unknown, but one may suspect that the GAO opinion on Lockheed's condition might undergo the same kind of uneven negotiation that led to the decision not to release the material itself.

The Proxmire-Staats exchange is a case study of the GAO under pressure. But what is also important is that the whole C-5A accounting mess would never have surfaced if insiders hadn't leaked it to the press. The GAO certainly didn't provide that information, and might not even have known about it, since the agency is no longer in the business of auditing specific contracts. Who knows how many C-5A-type debacles would have been brought to light if the GAO could and would do the job for which it was originally intended—how much company the C-5A would have now if the blind watchdog could be made to see the light.

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Reports

With these two reports, The Washington Monthly *is initiating a new feature. From time to time, we will recommend and comment on other government reports of special interest or importance. We depend on our readers to help us identify materials that will make up this feature, as we do for the Memo of the Month.*

Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad
Report to the Committee on Foreign Relations, United States Senate, by the Subcommittee on Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad.

The Role and Effectiveness of Federal Advisory Committees
Forty-Third Report by the Committee on Government Operations, U.S. House of Representatives.

By publishing these two documents,* the Government Printing Office recently scored rare successes on at least three counts. The reports are brief—a combined total of 73 pages. They relieve the normal drone of governmental prose with some spritely comments. And, most importantly, both reports deal intelligently with little-known problems of major political importance.

"Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad" is the final report of Senator Stuart Symington's subcommittee on its two-year probe into American entanglements in foreign countries. The investigation involved extensive travel by the committee staff, often hostile negotiations with various agencies of a reticent executive branch—and 37 days of hearings, which produced 2,500 pages of testimony riddled with security deletions of controversial necessity. (The Taiwan hearings are the subject of James C. Thomson, Jr.'s "The Inscrutable Commitment," beginning on page 44 of this issue.)

The report begins with a country-by-country review of the shadowy operations uncovered, or at least partially uncovered, by the subcommittee. The only elements of this summary review which have been widely reported in the press are those involving secret U. S. "inducements" to Thailand, South Korea, and the Philippines for their support of the American effort in Vietnam. There are many other revelations, some of which evoke a kind of bittersweet absurdity. In the section on Japan, for example, the subcommittee found:

> Included in this military syndrome are four United States golf courses, a 450-acre ammunition dump which is used as a religious retreat and boy scout camp, and the Mito bombing range. At the latter facility, United States fighter-bombers engage in gunnery practice only 2.6 miles from the Japan Atomic Fuel Corporation laboratory and 2.2 miles from public beaches.
>
> United States military officials, however, up to now have taken the position that these facilities will be returned to Japan when the Japanese provide alternate-equivalent facilities.

*"Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad" is available from the Committee on Foreign Relations, U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C. 20510, and "The Role and Effectiveness of Federal Advisory Committees" from the Special Studies Subcommittee, Rayburn Building, Washington, D. C. 20515.

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The report develops the "creeping commitment" theme, as in Ethiopia, where the executive branch agreed secretly in 1960 to support a 40,000-man Ethiopian army and keep military aid flowing in return for the continued use of Kagnew Station—a communications base which the subcommittee finds of dubious value. Somalia, Ethiopia's neighbor and opponent in frequent border disputes, then felt obliged to seek outside military assistance as a counterbalance to Ethiopia's new support, which built up over the decade. Somalia asked the United States for aid, which was denied partly because of Ethiopian opposition (an example of the tail-wagging-the-dog syndrome). After being rebuffed, Somalia went to the Soviet Union for assistance, and the Russians soon gained a foothold in Somalia. The Symington subcommittee found out about the agreements with Ethiopia after they had been in effect for 10 years, and the report concludes that "our policies, by proxy, have set up a miniature cold war situation in the eastern portion of Africa."

Spain, the report concludes, "is a good example of a commitment which has not only creeped but which has also in the process generated new justifications as old ones became obsolete." Rota Naval Base has repeatedly shifted the rationale for its existence under intermittent criticism since the 1950s. And for sheer uselessness, there is Moron Air Base, which housed some 3,000 U. S. military personnel and dependents in 1969, at a cost of $14 million. "Nevertheless," explains the report, "other than an Air Rescue squadron, there were no major aircraft units assigned to the base at the time." Rota and Moron have a significance far beyond their cost, however. For in probing to determine exactly what a U. S. military commitment is, the subcommittee found it necessary to cite the former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: "General Wheeler said, in a statement previously cleared by both the State and Defense Departments, that the presence of United States troops on Spanish soil represented a stronger security guarantee than anything written on paper."

The subcommittee discusses many other commitments that are creeping, invisible, de facto, hidden, or otherwise difficult to pin down. This summary alone makes the document worth reading. But there are other aspects to the report, such as the sections on the foreign deployment of tactical nuclear weapons and on the extent of U. S. intelligence activity. Finally, the report offers a pungent appraisal of the secrecy involved in all these critical matters, observing that even the Congress is kept often deliberately in the dark. The subcommittee's thoughtful discussion of the implications in the commitments tangle is not comforting, but the report itself is a very useful document and the product of an enormously valuable effort on the part of Senator Symington and his cohorts.

"The Role and Effectiveness of Federal Advisory Committees" is a report of the House Government Operations Committee on an investigation into the murky world of advisory bodies carried out by its Special Studies Subcommittee. The subject matter here is perhaps less explosive than foreign commitments, but the document is no less instructive of how government muddles on in confusion.

Actually, the Special Studies Subcommittee never really had an opportunity to pass judgment on the effectiveness of the myriad committees, commissions, task forces, and special coordinating teams which float in Washington, for it could not get past the elementary task of counting them. The group strode forth persistently in this effort, armed with Subcommittee Chairman John S. Monagan's (D-Conn.) description of the species to be tallied, as: "Sort of like satellites, I think of them in that way. . . . They go out into outer space but they keep

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circling around, you know, and no one really knows how many there are or what direction they are going in, or what duplication there is."

The subcommittee decided to begin with a relatively limited group of advisory bodies—those citizen panels and government interagency committees reporting directly to the President. The conclusion was discouraging: "It was discovered that it is impossible to find accurate and complete records on all Presidential committees. The definition, particular moment of time, and discovery play a large role in determining the number of Presidential committees in existence." Nevertheless, the subcommittee found, as of early 1970, "198 Presidential committees with annual estimated operating costs of nearly $50 million. . . ." The Office of Management and Budget, after some deliberation, countered by announcing in the March hearings that there were only 60 active presidential committees. The subcommittee, after pointing out some omissions in the OMB tally, found 171 presidential committees in a later study. The report also cites an April, 1970, survey of interagency committees alone, which "revealed a total of 73 interagency committees with two or more cabinet members and 117 interagency committees with one or more cabinet members, most of which were set up to advise the President. Even this reported number was incomplete because it was found that departments and agencies do not maintain accurate and complete records on all committees and subpanels."

This statistical fickleness on the part of departments and agencies hamstrung the subcommittee in its general survey of advisory committees within the executive branch. It led to the report's highly imprecise calculation that there are "at least 2,600 interagency and advisory committees and possibly as many as 3,200 existing presently." Obtaining information beyond the mere existence of these bodies was still another matter—and the subcommittee was given data sheets on only 1,519 of the group, which required more than $65 million to support a total committee membership of about 20,000 people and staff of about 4,400.

The report is not without its pitfalls. For one thing, there is evidence that dormant committees will be revived after being identified by the Monagan subcommittee. The report operates under the generous assumption that an advisory committee is doing its job if it has met within the last two years, as revealed in the discovery that "at least 51 of the 1,519 reported advisory committees were identified as inactive in that they had not met for two years or more. Another 368 advisory committees failed to answer whether they had met in the last two years." After reeling off a long list of committees which had failed to toe this line, the report notes, with apparent approval, that "since the hearing, the President has appointed members and activated all the above committees except for the Distinguished Civilian Service Award Board and the Economic Opportunity Council."

One of the tests put to committees is whether they can "maintain viability and carry out the statutory mission." It is unclear what this means, but there is speculation it involves payment of a staff.

The subcommittee report really gets into trouble when it abandons the toil of counting advisory commissions and moves on to recommendations for improvement. The report states that it would be a good idea to upgrade the performance of committee members with additional "education and training" and to improve the coordination of political information by erecting a "central repository" for all committee reports. Finally, the Monagan subcommittee recommends the establishment of a "Committee Secretariat"—a kind of superstar in the galaxy of committee "satellites," which "could plan and evaluate future needs of the committees." ■

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Better Late Than Never

The defecting Lithuanian sailor Simas Kudirka was returned to the Russians by the U.S. Coast Guard on November 23, 1970.

5 DEC '70 2 : 15

ALDIST 209

COMDT NOTE 5820

FROM C

POLICY CONCERNING FOREIGN NATIONALS DESIRING ASYLUM

1. IF A FOREIGN NATIONAL SEEKS ASYLUM ABOARD A COAST GUARD CUTTER, STATION OR BOAT, COMMANDING OFFICERS OR OFFICERS-IN-CHARGE WILL NOT REPEAT NOT RETURN THE ALIEN TO THE JURISDICTION FROM WHICH HE ESCAPED OR DEFECTED WITHOUT SPECIFIC DIRECTION FROM THE COMDT. WHILE AWAITING INSTRUCTION FROM THE COMDT, THE FOREIGN NATIONAL IS TO BE AFFORDED EVERY POSSIBLE PROTECTION AND CARE BY THE COMMANDING OFFICER OR OFFICER-IN-CHARGE.

2. THE DETERMINATION OF WHETHER OR NOT A PERSON SEEKING ASYLUM IS A BONA FIDE REFUGEE INVOLVES COMPLEX FACTUAL AND LEGAL CONSIDERATIONS. PERSONS SEEKING ASYLUM SHOULD BE INTERVIEWED IMMEDIATELY TO ASCERTAIN AS FULLY AS POSSIBLE THE BASIS FOR THEIR ASYLUM REQUEST AND TO ESTABLISH THE BONA FIDE NATURE OF THEIR REQUEST. INFORMATION THUS PROCURED SHOULD BE FORWARDED IMMEDIATELY TO THE COMDT. EACH CASE MUST BE SUBMITTED BY THE COMDT FOR CONSULTATION AT THE NATIONAL LEVEL.

3. ANY CASES FITTING THE CRITERIA OF THIS ALDIST WILL BE REPORTED TO THE COMDT BY THE MOST RAPID MEANS OF COMMUNICATION AVAILABLE.

4. AMPLIFYING INSTRUCTIONS WILL FOLLOW

DRAFTED BY: OI COMDT COGUARD 050118Z/209 DEC 70
RH

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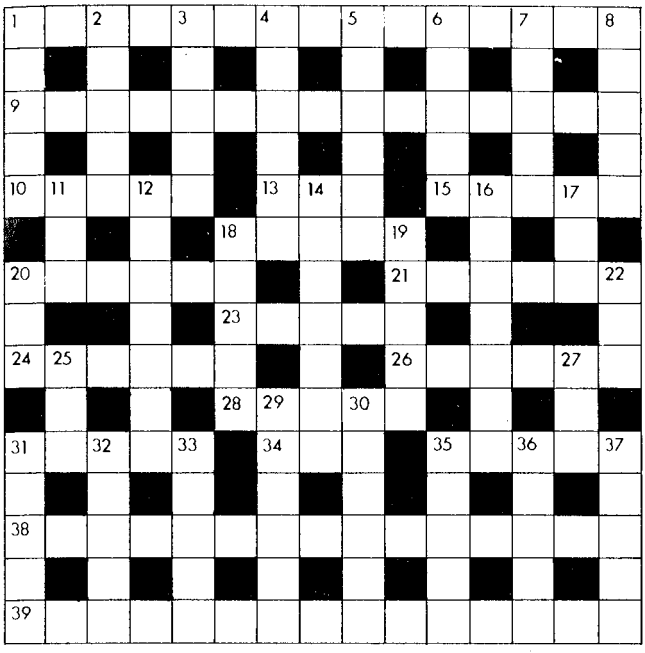
The Political Puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Noon mill miracle is impressive in Washington. (7, 8)
9. Lincoln's Washington Address. (12, 3)
10. To make oneself elegant in sharp reentry. (5)
13. I've a good life in France. (3)
15. Sounds inexpensive, but smells. (5)
18. Transmits the finish in a ship. (5)
20. See tan body in Washington. (6)
21. Withdraw this cup, too. (3, 3)
23. Looks pert in a veil. (5)
24. Fed and ate mixup leads to downfall. (6)
26. Remark from negative hard water. (6)
28. Lots of room West of the Pecos. (5)
31. Cheerleader roots with his body. (5)
34. The Crown is offended when he goes out for air. (3)
35. Canal the best way to Alaska? (5)
38. They fill up the House. (15)
39. Tactful group in Washington? (10, 5)

DOWN

1. No spilled milk for Paul P. (3, 2)
2. Hundred in complete lack will do for present. (5)
3. Director is alternative offspring. (5)
4. This may be lost between them. (2, 4)
5. Wiped out in the Red Sea. (6)
6. Skips the moist part. (6)
7. Angry end of buccaneer. (5)
8. A short officer may be quite utile. (5)
11. New York town to come through. (3)
12. They hid in red vase. (7)
14. Use tooth to test this coin, sir. (7)
16. Only 7/9ths political? (7)
17. Half the number of longshoremen get together. (3)
18. Memberships in 20 Across. (5)
19. We hear he was spotted where the action is. (5)
20. Mixup in short advertisements makes us unhappy. (3)
22. Railroad essential comes out even. (3)
25. Find oneself in the good way. (3)
27. Sleuths are only half social. (3)
29. "Iceman Cometh" is a good show. (6)
30. After the opener, I ran it. (4, 2)
31. Exhausted like an automobile? (5)
32. Van Winkle awake? Cancel his contract! (3, 2)
33. We, too, are obliged. (3, 2)
35. It can be disrupting. (5)
36. Keep the lid on when it's one hundred above. (5)
37. They ran one season back not a few years. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 54.

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"W. Averell Harriman has distilled the experience of a turbulent age for America and the world." *—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.*

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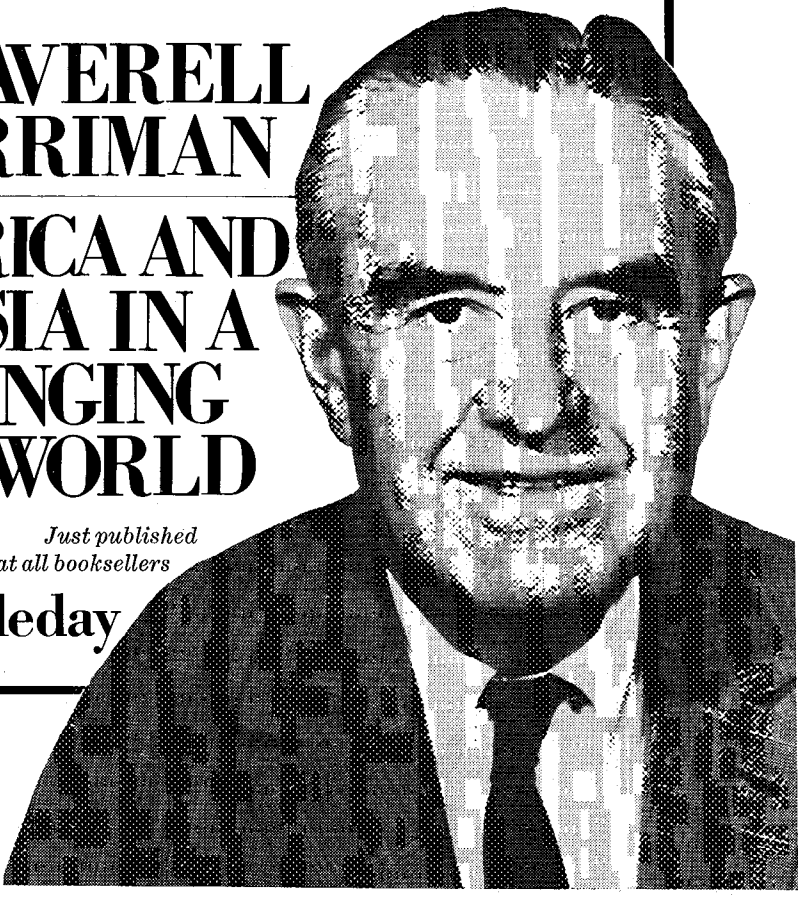

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